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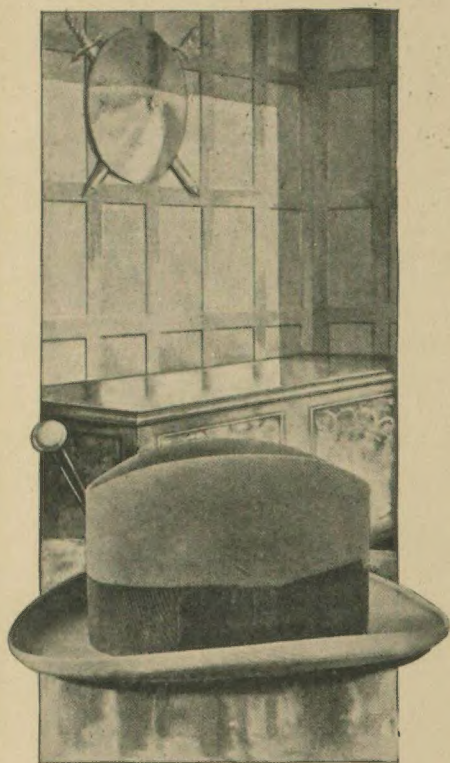
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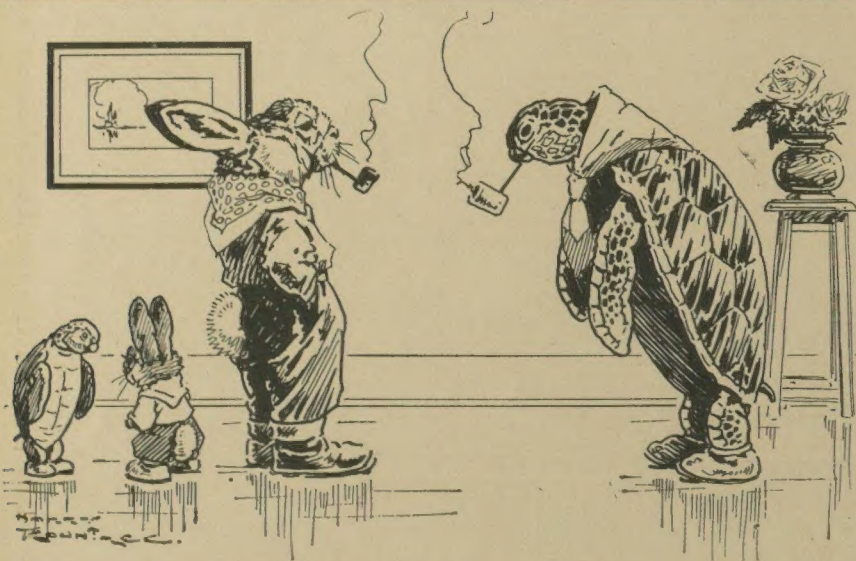


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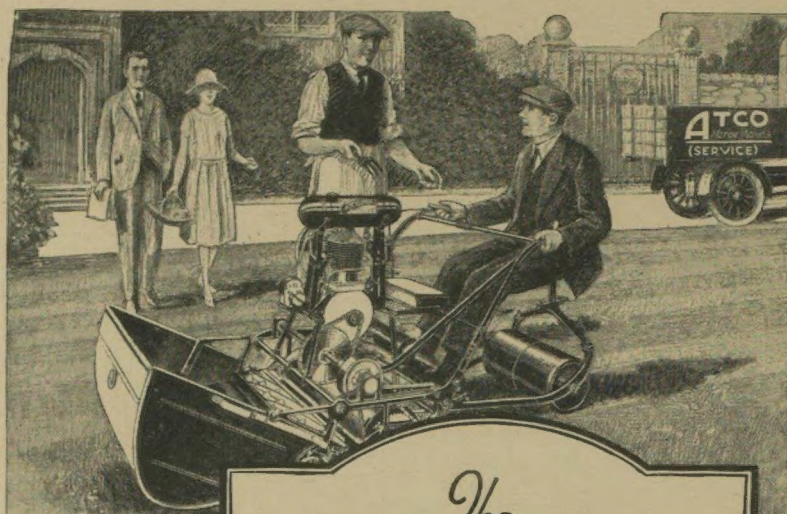
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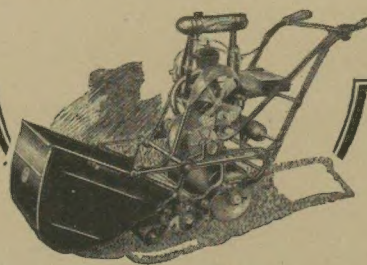
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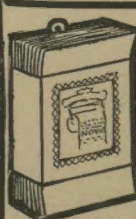
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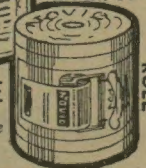
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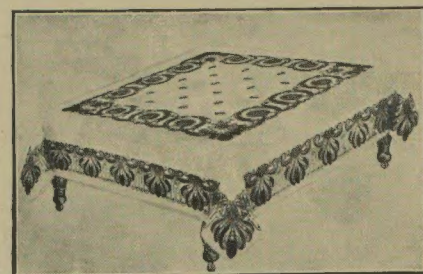
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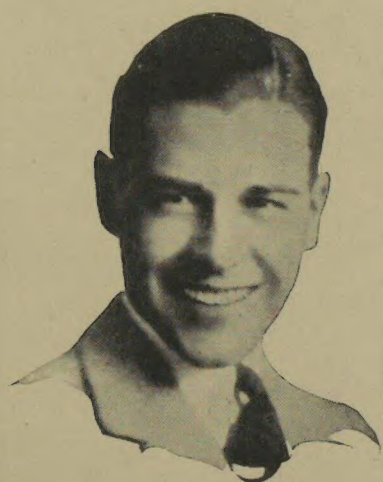
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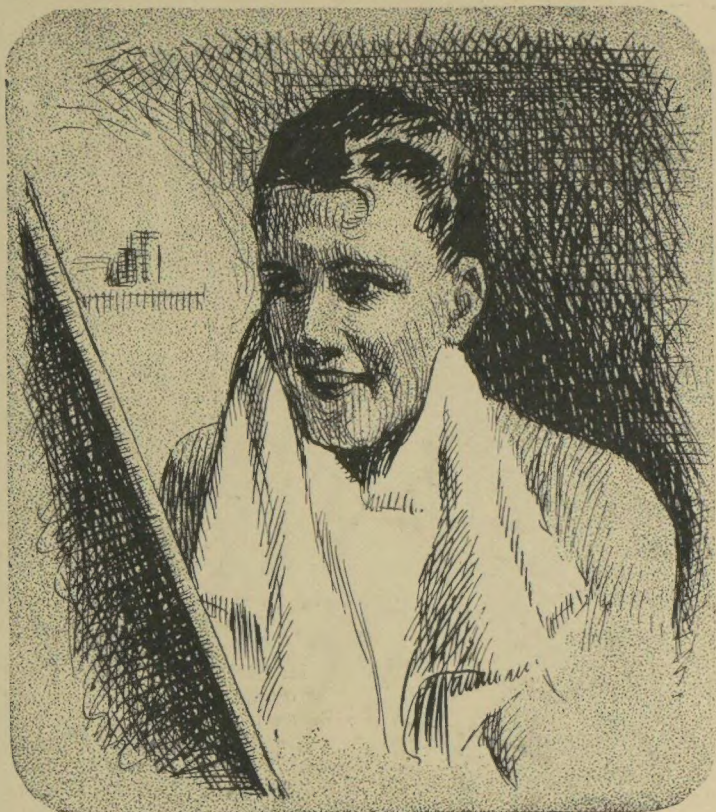
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**SMART HATS**

FROM OUR  
MODEL MILLINERY DEPT.  
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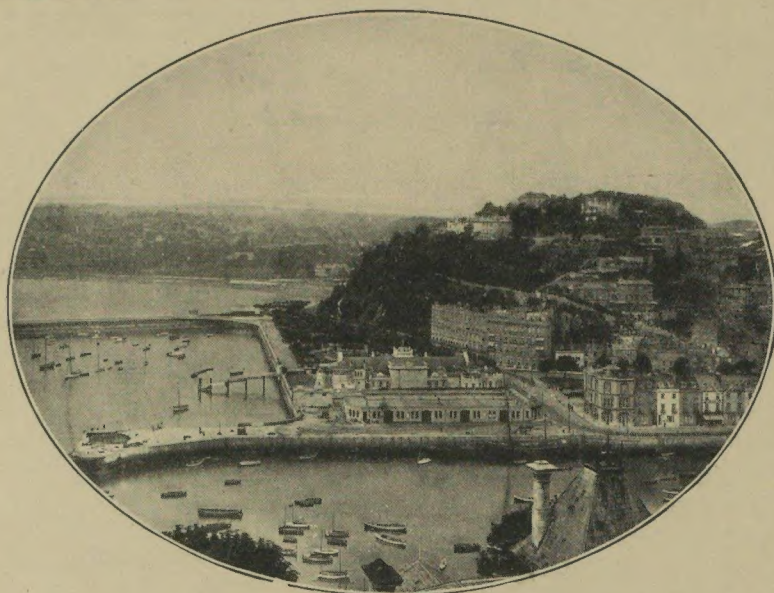
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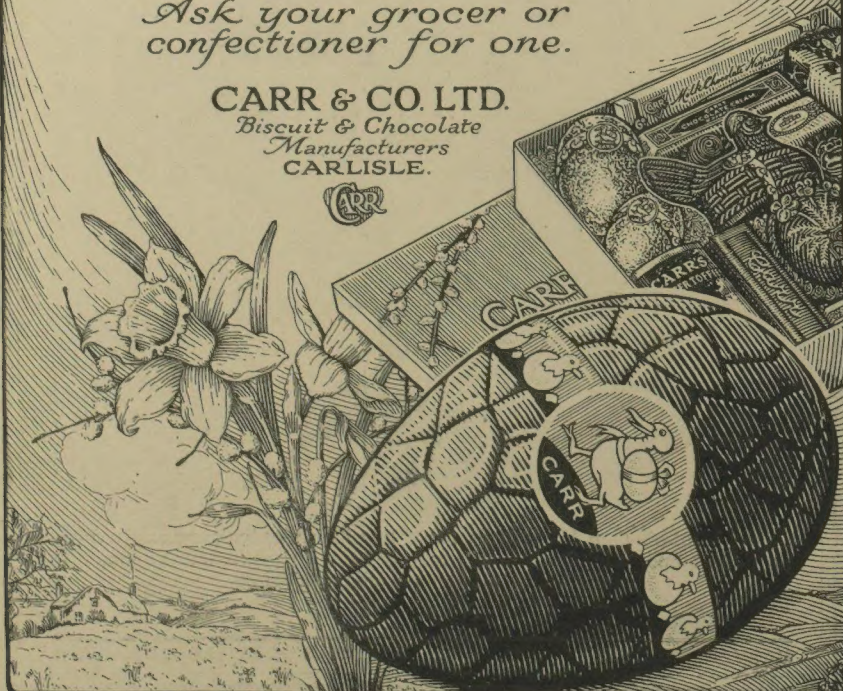
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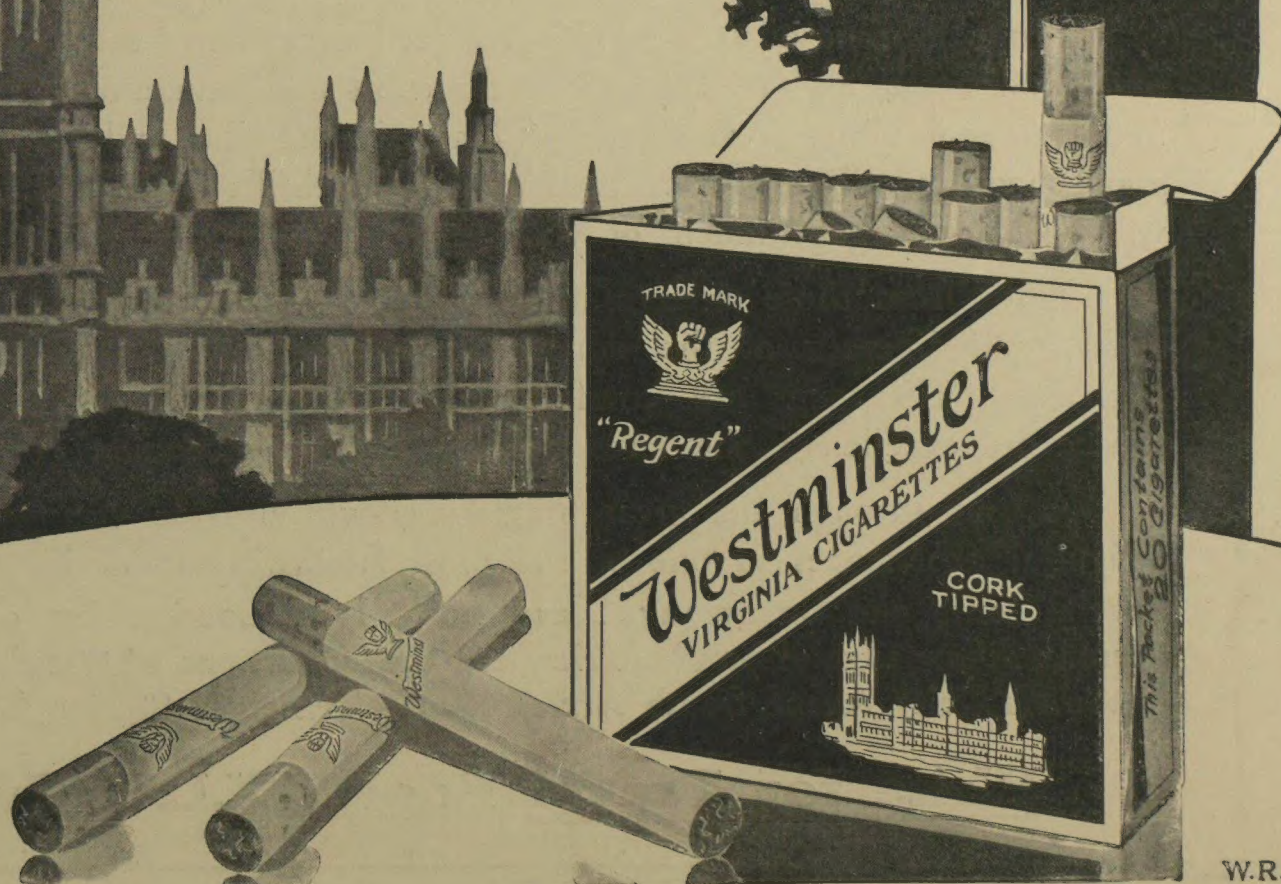
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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1926.

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## “A DISASTER AND AN OPPORTUNITY”: THE BURNING OF THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon was destroyed by fire on the afternoon of Saturday, March 6. There was much timberwork in the interior, which burnt furiously, and the tower acted as a chimney for the flames and smoke. The fire brigade concentrated on saving the museum and library, connected with

the theatre by the bridge shown on the left, and their efforts were happily successful. The destruction of the theatre has caused no great regret for its own sake, and is regarded as an opportunity to replace it by one better adapted to the purpose. Further photographs of the building, before and after the fire, are given on a later page.

PHOTOGRAPH BY I.B.





By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MANY people are now supposed to be saying that the rising generation is really a sinking generation. I cannot quote many public examples, because I notice that the newspapers and magazines (curiously enough) are much more concerned with printing answers to this charge than with printing the charge itself, or even telling us where it has been printed. I have read half-a-hundred defences of the modern girl against attack, and I have never read the attack. I cannot, therefore, answer for whether it was reasonable or unreasonable; but, so far as the problem does exist for all of us, there is one point about it upon which I am very certain indeed.

I am sure that, in so far as there is any sort of social breakdown, it is not so much a moral breakdown as a mental breakdown. It is much more like a softening of the brain than a hardening of the heart. What does seem to me to have slackened or weakened is not so much the connection between conscience and conduct clearly approved by conscience, as the connection between any two ideas that could enable anybody to see anything clearly at all. It is not a question of free thought but of free thoughtlessness. The difficulty is not so much to get people to follow a commandment as to get them even to follow an argument. It seems to tire their heads like a game of chess when they are in the mood for a game of tennis. And in truth their philosophy does seem to be rather like a game of tennis, with the motto of "Love all." But it will be noticed that the rules of tennis are really rather more arbitrary than the rules of chess; only, while they claim the same obedience, they are easier to obey. It seems to me that this modern mood does not mind anything being arbitrary so long as it is also easy. It does not inquire into the authority or even the origin of any order which it has come to regard as ordinary. It only asks to move smoothly along the grooves that have been graven for it by unknown and nameless powers—such as the powers that organise the tubes or the trams. It does not object to ruts if they are also rails. It does, indeed, wish to be comfortable, and will sometimes abandon convention for the sake of comfort. But it seems to me that this generation has rather less than its fathers and grandfathers of the special sort of discomfort that used to be called divine discontent. Divine discontent, of the older sort, was disposed to drive its questions backwards against the movement of existence and discover the causes of things. The old abstract revolutionist would have had the star-defying audacity to ask who it is who really runs the trams or controls the tubes. Most of the young rebels of to-day are content to ask whether they will not soon be made a little bigger or a little quicker or a little more convenient. In other words, the individual has indeed a certain kind of independence but I am not sure that it is the kind of independence, which requires most intelligence.

I notice, for instance, that these people are always thinking of more or less new notions, and never thinking them out. Their novels and newspapers are full of suggestions and of assumptions, but not of opinions. I mean opinions in the sense that I used to have opinions when I was an exceedingly opinionated young man. We always wanted to state our doctrines in a dogmatic fashion, and state them completely so

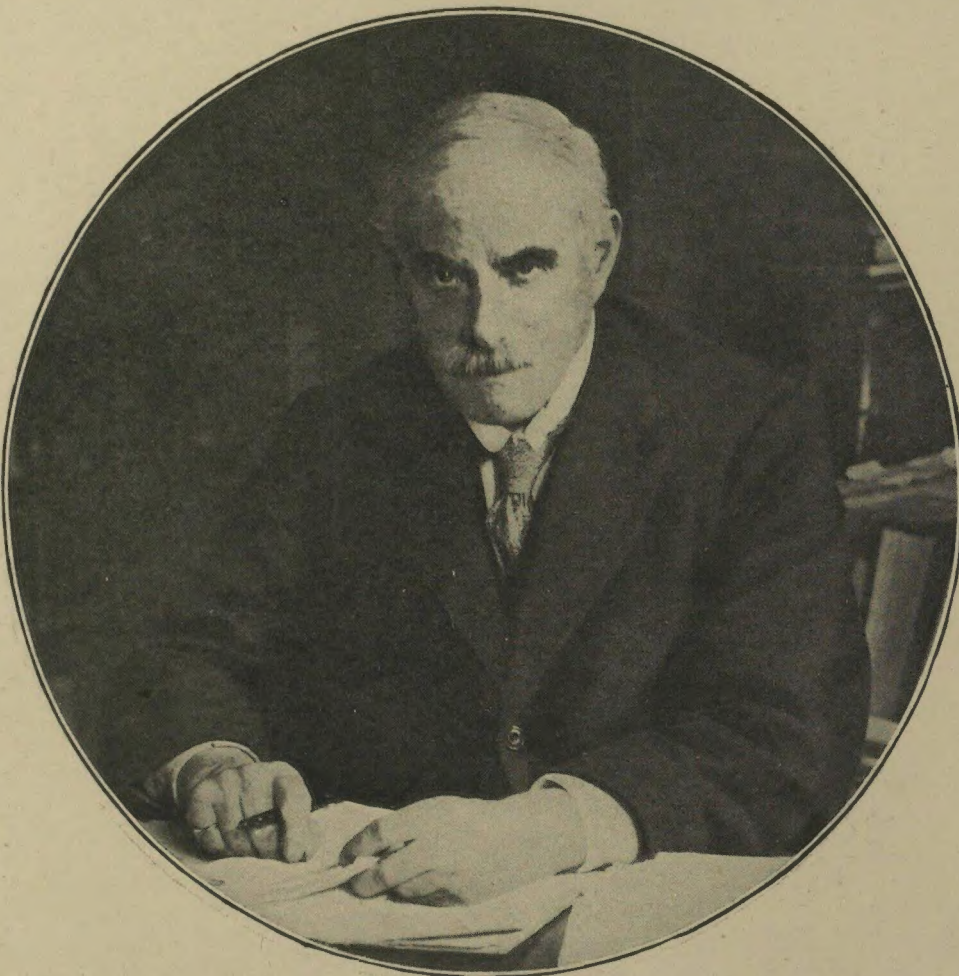
as to show that they were complete. We wanted to prove to Uncle Humphrey that Socialism was unanswerable, and challenge him to answer it. We wanted to spread the whole fabric of Fabianism before the horrified eyes of Aunt Susan and defy her to pick a hole in it. It is not exactly in that fashion that the new heresies are suggested by the new generation. It is rather in the way of certain phrases, often uncompleted phrases, which slip out in a way which we cannot help thinking slipshod. If they were stated in a clear fashion, they would very probably startle the people who hold them.

Suppose, for instance, I were to state one of them thus, "That a human being had an abstract right to

things which the modern rebel respects so much more than the Ten Commandments—the police regulations or the by-laws of the factory and the shop.

It would be as easy to use it of burglary or murder as of the ethical experiments to which they are so fond of applying it. The young person might say, "I was devoured with curiosity about what it really feels like to be unscrewing somebody else's safe in the middle of the night." The rising generation might cry aloud, "What I wanted was experience—the thrill of the intense and novel experience of extracting somebody else's purse or pocket-handkerchief from somebody else's pocket." They might go on and apply the principle to murder, to torture, to human sacrifice, to anything. As we know, two American Jews, while they were still schoolboys, did actually embody this ideal for the rising generation. I am not saying that the rising generation are murderers, but that they are muddle-headed people; in other words, they are people who do not really know why they are not murderers. They are people who can give no clear and consistent account of themselves, no reasonable excuse for not being murderers. It is in the faint but friendly hope of clearing up for them this mystery about themselves, this dark and inscrutable absence of murder from their lives, that I venture to make this criticism of their views. This is what I mean by saying that the only thing that has broken down in them is the intellectual connection of ideas.

Or take another idea—or rather, fragment of an idea. It is suggested, in the same hazy and half-hearted fashion, that every individual should be independent, and that this applies even to the very young individual. The schoolboy, the schoolgirl, the infant in the infant school, and almost the infant in arms, are all to be regarded as individuals. It is constantly repeated that they are all to be regarded as citizens. But it never seems to occur to anybody to make the next and most obvious inference—to take the next step in the argument. Nobody suggests that they should assert their independence by being independent. Nobody points out that, if the father and the child are only two citizens, there is no more reason for asking the father to support the child than the child to support the father. If the mother and the baby are both independent individuals, the mother must be as independent of the baby as the baby of the mother; and the mother must be free to say, "I do not like this individual," and throw the baby out of the window. Why should one citizen sponge on another citizen from the age of two to the age of twenty? Why should he or she contract this curious obligation in a world where all are equal? Now the new revolutionists do not denounce the obligation; they do not deny it; they do not propose a definite substitute for it; they have no new theory about the relation of parent and child. They simply assume the obligation and then ignore the obligation. They take it for granted that the young person must live on the old person as long as he chooses and then defy the old person as soon as he likes. This may be a rebellious mood, but it is not a revolutionary idea. It is the mood of a person who is merely bored with all ideas, whether revolutionary or no.



AN EMINENT BIOGRAPHER AND SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLAR: THE LATE SIR SIDNEY LEE, WHO DIED ON THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE DAY ON WHICH THE FIRST VOLUME OF HIS LIFE OF KING EDWARD APPEARED.

Sir Sidney Lee died on March 3, the date on which last year was published the first volume of his biography of King Edward the Seventh. In spite of illness, he left the second volume practically complete, and it will be issued in due course. His *Life of Queen Victoria* appeared in 1902, and the first edition of his standard "Life of Shakespeare" in 1898. It is as a biographer and Shakespearean scholar that Sir Sidney Lee will be best remembered. In 1883 he became assistant editor, and in 1891 editor, of the "Dictionary of National Biography." From 1913 to 1924 he was Professor of English Literature at East London College. He was also Chairman of the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, Dean of the Faculty of Arts in the University of London, and for thirty years President of the Elizabethan Society. He was knighted in 1911.—[Photograph by Photopress.]

gratify curiosity," the form of it would appear to the younger generation unfamiliar through being formal. But that is what is logically implied in half-a-hundred allusions and episodes and comments in fashionable fiction and journalism. Christina Alberta, of whom I wrote last week, says openly that she has broken one of the Commandments to gratify her curiosity; and she and her friends do not seem to think very much of it, except as a piece of mildly interesting self-analysis. But, though in a sense she is willing to analyse herself, it never occurs to her to analyse her theory. It never occurs to her to ask whether it is a tenable or tolerable principle, as a principle, that anybody may do anything merely because he or she has never done it before. It does not seem to strike any of those who talk in this way that the argument, as an argument, could be extended quite as easily to all the other Ten Commandments, or to those



# A BLESSING IN DISGUISE? THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE FIRE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY G.P.U., C.N., AND PHOTOCHROM CO.



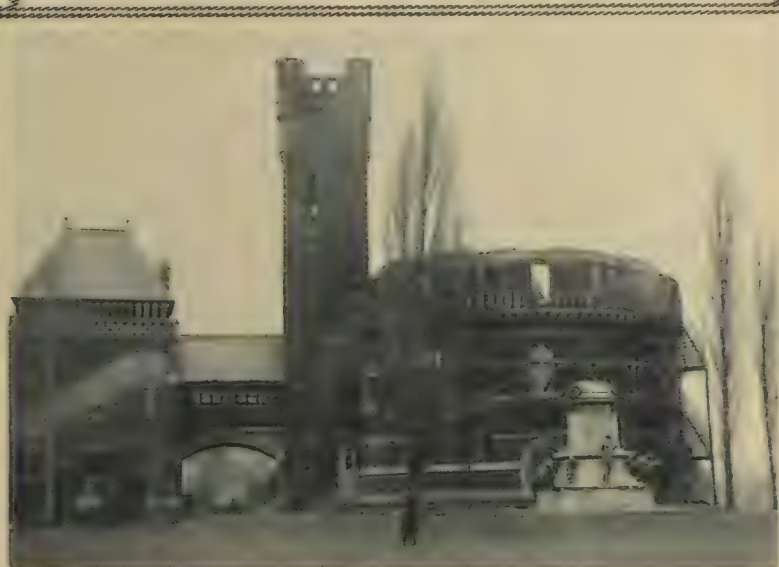
REMOVED AS A PRECAUTION TO THE LECTURE ROOM ACROSS THE ROAD: SHAKESPEAREAN RELICS FROM THE MUSEUM, WHICH WAS SAVED



COMPLETELY GUTTED: THE INTERIOR OF THE THEATRE, SHOWING A FIREMAN (AT WINDOW ABOVE) AND A STATUE ON THE MONUMENT OUTSIDE SEEN THROUGH AN ARCHWAY (BELOW).



AS IT WAS BEFORE THE FIRE: THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE WITH ITS TOWER AND BRIDGE LEADING TO THE MUSEUM AND LIBRARY (ON THE LEFT).



AFTER THE FIRE: THE SAME VIEW AS ABOVE, SHOWING THE THEATRE ROOF AND TOP OF THE TOWER COMPLETELY GONE, BUT THE MUSEUM AND LIBRARY INTACT.



COMPARED TO "AN OGRE'S CASTLE ESCAPED FROM SOME GERMAN FAIRY-TALE": THE MEMORIAL BUILDINGS FROM THE OTHER SIDE, BEFORE THE FIRE, SHOWING THE AVON (LEFT) AND STRATFORD CHURCH.

The burning of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon (shown on our front page in a photograph taken during the fire) has not awakened much regret for the loss of the building, which has been variously compared to "a sweetmeat," as seen from a distance, and to "an ogre's castle escaped from some German fairy-tale." The accommodation, both in stage and auditorium, was inadequate, and the local firemen regarded the building as dangerous owing to the large amount of timber in its construction. Happily there were no people in it when the fire occurred, on the afternoon of March 6. The interior of the theatre and tower blazed so furiously that it was hopeless to save them, and the

fire brigade successfully concentrated on preventing the flames from crossing the bridge to the Museum and Library. Their contents, however, were hastily removed by a large band of helpers to the lecture room across the road. The theatre now destroyed was opened on April 23, 1879. The chairman of the Trustees, Mr. A. D. Flower, has stated that it is hoped to build a better theatre in time for next year's jubilee festival. Meanwhile arrangements have been made for this year's Birthday Festival, due to begin on April 12, to be carried out in another building. Scenery, costumes, and other stage properties have, however, been lost in the fire.

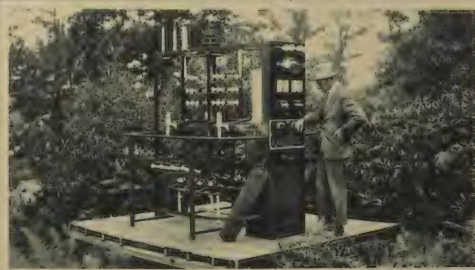


## ELECTRICITY ON THE FARM: SCIENTIFIC

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLE



WHERE ELECTRICAL POWER (DERIVED FROM A STREAM) IS USED FOR PRACTICALLY ALL PURPOSES: A TRACTOR HAULING A DISC CULTIVATOR ON MR. BORLASE MATTHEWS' FARM NEAR EAST GRINSTEAD.



INCREASING YIELD BY 50 PER CENT. IN WET WEATHER: A HIGH-TENSION APPARATUS THAT DISTRIBUTES CURRENT THROUGH WIRES OVER CORN, SUGAR-BEET, AND OTHER CROPS, MAKING GOOD THE LACK OF SUN.



"GOING A-MILKING" BY ELECTRICITY: THE DAIRY AT GREATER FELCOURT—A COW (RIGHT FOREGROUND) WITH ONE APPARATUS ATTACHED, AND A MILKMAID HOLDING ANOTHER.



PREVENTING FERMENTATION AND FIRE IN HAYSTACKS: APPARATUS FOR VENTILATION BY ELECTRIC FAN WHEN THERMOMETERS THRUST INTO A STACK IN IRON PIPES SHOW EXCESSIVE TEMPERATURE.

"BECAUSE the English summer of 1924," writes Mr. Leonard Matters, "was one of the wettest on record, many farmers were ruined. Crops of corn could not be harvested, or when cut could not be turned into hay, and rotted on the rain-soaked ground. A succession of such summers, scarcely distinguishable from winter for the volume of rain that fell, would drive half those farming under present general conditions of agriculture into bankruptcy. The other half would abandon farming in disgust, and the most ancient, honourable, and health-giving industry of the kingdom would disappear. And yet there are some farmers who actually made more money in 1924 than ever they had made before; some who would not mind, so far as profits are concerned, whether every summer were the same. These men have, like the crew of Kipling's 'Belovar,' 'sundered God Almighty's storm; bluffed the eternal'—rain. By the aid of electricity they make hay without sunshine, turn winter into summer for their hens, and go merrily on their way as farmers, regardless of whether England's rainy season is, as a maker of weather-proofs has advertised, from January to December. 'The modern farmer, making the fullest use of electricity, is as nearly independent of weather conditions as anyone in any outdoor industry can be.' That is how Mr. R. Borlase Matthews, A.M.I.C.E., M.I.E.E., etc., a successful farmer of East Grinstead, Sussex, put it to me when I had inspected his property, and began to question him regarding the system of which he is probably the best-known exponent in England. On his farm of 600 acres Mr. Matthews has practically nothing but electrically operated plant and machinery. Making use of an eight-feet fall at an old mill-pond, he has installed his own generator of electrical energy, and, tapping the supply of power wherever he wants it, he uses it for scores of different purposes. On the entire farm there are only three horses. "In almost every direction where other farmers use horse or man power for agricultural operations, I use electricity," said Mr. Matthews. "It is handier, more economical, hence profitable, and it raises farming to what it should be—a scientific

(Continued in Box 2.)



"ARTIFICIAL SUNLIGHT" FOR KEEN FOR FOOD AN HOUR HOUSE LIT BY

## AGRICULTURE REGARDLESS OF RAIN.

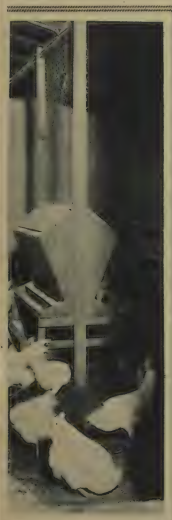
BY LEONARD MATTERS.



ON THE ALL-ELECTRIC FARM AT GREATER FELCOURT: A TRACTOR, WITH DYNAMO IN OPERATION, HAULING A HARVESTING MACHINE WORKED BY ELECTRICITY GENERATED BY THE DYNAMO.

profession to the aid of which every modern invention can be called. Farming need no longer be a haphazard business, or a constant gamble with the weather. It need no longer be so clumsy and wasteful of effort and energy as to justify Henry Ford's declaration that no other industry could be conducted so stupidly and keep out of the Bankruptcy Court. Why," asked Mr. Matthews, "should a farmer sow his corn, watch it grow to maturity, and then see it rot before his eyes, simply because at the moment when he should be making it into hay, or having it maturing in the stack, it happens to rain?" That is the question I and countless others have long asked.

I was not a farmer by profession when I asked it of farmers of fifty years' experience, and failed to get an intelligent answer. I was forced to become a farmer to demonstrate that methods I had seen in their infancy in the United States, and theories of my own, could be applied with profit. Farmers of my acquaintance simply scoffed at, or scorned to adopt, new ideas, and to prove myself right I had to become a farmer. So, an electrical engineer by profession and a farmer by provocation, Mr. Matthews "electrified" his property of Greater Felcourt five years ago. He has since proved the value of his idea, and has made substantial profits where, according to the old school of agricultural thought, he should have made huge losses. He claims that almost every farm in England can be rendered largely independent of the weather, no matter how bad it may be, and be made more productive and profitable, by the application of electricity to some of the two hundred-odd operations that comprise what is called "mixed farming." "That is the revolution that is coming," said Mr. Matthews. "Well over two hundred farms in England are equipped like my own. In Sweden 20,000 farmers use electricity, and throughout the world I estimate there are three-quarters of a million farms worked in this scientific manner." Fires in haystacks, due to fermentation and spontaneous combustion, are prevented by blowing dry air, through apertures left for the purpose, with electric fans.



POULTRY: HENS, ACTIVE AND AFTER SUNSET, IN A FOWL-ELECTRICITY.



PLOUGHING BY ELECTRICITY: ONE MAN GUIDING A PLOUGH OPERATED BY THE PORTABLE MOTOR AND WINDING DRUM SEEN IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND AND ILLUSTRATED IN THE PHOTOGRAPH BELOW.



DERIVING CURRENT FROM OVERHEAD WIRES AND USED FOR HAULING A DOUBLE-ENDED PLOUGH: A PORTABLE MOTOR AND WINDING DRUM (SHOWN AT WORK IN THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE).



HYGIENIC DAIRYING AT AN ELECTRIC FARM: ATTACHING WAXED PAPER CAPSULES TO BOTTLES OF CERTIFIED MILK BY MEANS OF AN INGENUOUS ELECTRIC HEATER AND SEALER.

The application of electricity to agriculture seems likely to revolutionise rural life in this country, if it can make the farmer independent of the vagaries of the British climate. Many farmers, as mentioned above, are adopting the new scientific methods, and information on the subject is being widely disseminated. Mr. R. Borlase Matthews, whose all-electric farm in Sussex is here illustrated, is giving a series of lectures, illustrated by cinematograph films and magraph stereoscopic lantern slides, at various centres of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. He has already lectured recently at their London headquarters on the Embankment, at Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at the University of Birmingham. On March 15 he will lecture at the Cleveland Technical Institute at Middlesbrough, on the 30th at Milton Hall, Manchester, and on April 12 at the Western Centre in Exeter. Mr. Matthews arranges his discourse

on electric-farming under the following heads: (1) The rural distribution system; (2) The practical planning of a farm installation; and (3) Work on the land, haulage, and so on. The system is applicable not only to general farming, but to poultry-keeping and bee culture. At the East Grinstead farm there is an enormous incubator, holding over 2000 eggs, kept to its right temperature by electric fans blowing warm air from pipes electrically heated. Ten hours of darkness a day, it has been found, best suit the health of young chicks, and there is an electric clock that adjusts itself with the varying hours of light and darkness, and turns electric lamps on and off so as to give the ten hours of darkness exactly. In bee-keeping, the hives are kept in a hut lit with electric lamps, warmed, and sprinkled with sugar, so that the queen bee may think spring has arrived and begin laying early.



# Pennell on Himself—and Others: An Artist's Life.

"THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR." By JOSEPH PENNELL\*

"THE Adventures of an Illustrator" is a most uncommon book. Let that be said at once. It will infuriate every Babbitt of the United States and pin-prick many a personage of Europe. It will be called supremely egotistical—the Pagan of Pennell; or the Jeremiahs of Jo! Living in the pungent memories of a past truly kindly only in the hours of the little Quaker

by Cruikshank, Phiz and the rest of those British bunglers, and in one volume was a tree with skeleton branches; and there for some time I found or lost myself and came near out-Rackhaming Rackham, and the branches of my trees for a time became skeletons. It took me more time to get over that trick."

Then a spell under Joseph Ropes. He "took to" his pupil, but that pupil's methods were not his. "Luckily," writes Pennell, "from the beginning I was stubborn and did as I wanted. He tried, and so did I, and he came near conquering me; but when he proudly sent me to show my work to Peter Moran, who taught in Philadelphia, and I walked fourteen miles there and back on Seventh Day afternoon after school, Moran would not waste time over me, or even see me, sending down word—and it was the truth—that mine were 'the most mannered things he ever saw from one so young.' . . . It took time to get out of those mannerisms, and then I fell into others—and still do—and so have misled millions. And the rest of my life has been spent in trying to get out of them and finding myself. . . . My drawing went on, in and out of school, till the spring of 1876. . . . All the while I was trying to learn drawing for myself, but did not know

Broad Street, and I stayed there till it shut up at ten. . . . Under these conditions, I had not much energy to devote to coal and its distribution." In due course, however, he ran the yard, faced the railroad strike of 1877, and was promoted to an office of his own at Chestnut Hill. Six days after the "rise" he left, and there was consternation. "So great was the commotion," he says, "that the matter was discussed in Germantown Friends' Meeting, I was told. I was also told that as Benjamin West, a Friend, had started in a log hut in Chester County and ended as President of the Royal Academy and by being buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London—though for this I do not know if he was not turned out of Meeting—if I really believed I ought to devote myself to illustration, the Meeting would not put any objections in my way."

Just before this he had "mutinied" at the "mechanical end" of the Art School and his name had been "stricken from the roll of scholars"; but there was Peace with Honour: he was enabled to enter the Antique Class at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts on the next evening.

Now he could give the whole of his attention to his art; and he did so to such excellent effect that he knew himself as master of his craft in several branches, still defying authority when it did not see eye to eye with him, snatching meals at a "pie-foundry," sharing in the noise, studying the dissections of the "stiff" that was kept in a little room on the stairs and smelt horribly of chemicals, saving a dollar a day, following the technique of Rico and Fortuny, and learning, learning, learning.

Then, in April 1881, when, he says, it was "at the beginning of bicycling, and in it I was a much greater person than in art," came the first commission—from *Harper's*, to sketch the Annual Meet of the League of American Wheel-men in Boston. Then further opportunities, and, in the autumn, the big chance—to go to New Orleans with George W. Cable and do the illustrations for "The Creoles of Louisiana."

Such were the earlier doings of one whose name was to become world-known as that of an artist of exceptional power and distinction. The after-career is even more engrossing, and it bears eloquent witness to the unchanging nature of a man in whom the bump of combativeness and the sense of analysis are highly developed. As a self-study, indeed, "The Adventures of an Illustrator" has few equals. The only pity is that the author has chosen to stress the provocative phase of his ego, to emulate the waspish Whistler's "Gentle Art of Making Enemies." After all, however, it matters little. The frame is not the picture; and the picture is of a period vastly interesting.

E. H. G.



MADE WHEN JOSEPH PENNELL WAS FOUR OR FIVE, AND ALREADY AMBIDEXTROUS: AN ILLUSTRATION FOR AN UNWRITTEN STORY; SHOWING LETTERING READING BOTH WAYS. Reproduced from "The Adventures of an Illustrator," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

taught to believe not in times and seasons, the artist-author loathes the present-day, its cant, its cruelty, its profiteers, its give-'em-what-they-want pictures, its strips of "comics," its photography, its unskilled masses, its politicians, and its war-mongers. His tongue twists scornful, scathing words. There is acid in his ink and it bites deep. "The view from our windows is the last of our world," he laments, "for all else has gone—we have seen it go—and we are going and it is going. But," he adds, "it is good to have lived, to have adventured, to have known, and to remember." And it is evident that he has lived with zest, adventured eagerly, known well, and remembered much—rejoicing the while in his master-craftsmanship; a devotee of the Wonder of Work.

From the first he had his way, saw that he had it. "I was always drawing," he says. "A year or so ago I turned out from an old portfolio bound in figured paper that lace was kept in, dozens and dozens of sheets of illustrations of the lives and adventures of a soldier. There was a story connected with them which I have forgotten, and the designs, mostly in water colors and colored chalk, had not the slightest merit, save a curious composition and some character. I was not even a Cubist; so I destroyed all I could find." There is pure Pennell in that "some character"; for it is character, individuality, the artist has ever sought.

Chance helped him in achieving it, and he cultivated it assiduously. It came thus: "At Walnut Street Wharf was Cope's office—the firm of Cope Brothers who owned the four great packet ships that sailed to Liverpool from Philadelphia. And here was my father, and here I was taken to play by my father. The office was in the second story. . . . From the window of the corner office I could look down Delaware Avenue on the Camden and Amboy Railway Depot, and the Hotel with men always tilted back on chairs in a row in front of it; and the attempt to draw the street and the buildings and the people, as I saw them from above, gave me the mannerism, which I encourage, of looking down on subjects I draw to-day."

Later, in 1870, when he was ten—or thereabouts, for, for want of family records, he hazards the day of his birth as "Seventh Month, Fourth," the 4th of July, 1860—he was sent to the Germantown Friends' Select School, and there he spent what he describes as "six awful years, the worst of my life." But there was compensation—in the drawing-master. "He taught me one thing," says the writer, "—and he tried to teach the class, too—to use my eyes, my brains, my memory—all that American educators are ignorant of—above all, drawing from memory." Under him, the youthful Pennell won a silver crayon-holder in a leather case, for the best drawing made out of doors during the summer, and the prize set him sketching nature and life. "Then," he recalls, "my father bought some volumes of Dickens with illustrations

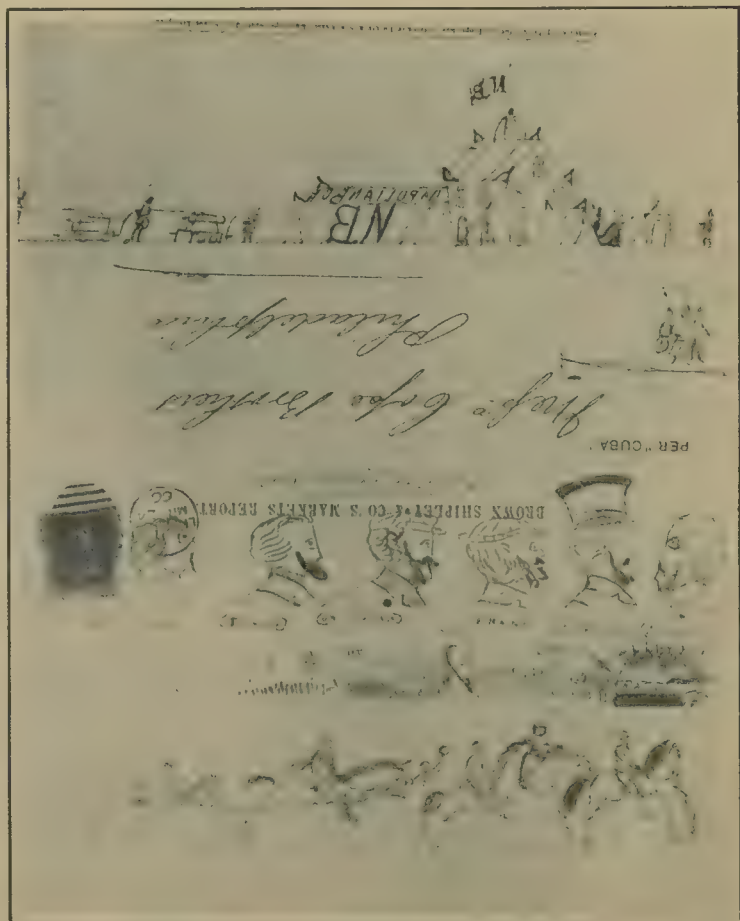
good from bad, and Ropes had gone and there was no one to tell me or show me."

"Mixed" study came to the rescue: the copying of reproductions in illustrated journals, Ruskin's "Elements of Drawing," Penley's "Water-Colour Painting," Harding's trees, George Reid's landscapes, and a spell with hated casts, "mostly hands and feet, and some angels' heads."

Then freedom. The young illustrator determined to get into the school of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. As a part prelude, he gave fifty cents for a dozen Cochin China eggs. "These," he relates, "all hatched—we kept chickens in the backyard—and I found myself possessed of twelve naked monsters, male and female after their kind, which finally clothed themselves with golden feathers and became the admiration of Germantown. They took to laying, and as the eggs—in fact, any eggs I had—now brought a dollar a dozen, I felt myself a financier. . . . So I was a flourishing enough little prig, soon able to ride to town, to go to picture shows, and to buy books."

Serious endeavour continued; but the Academy schools rejected the results. Nevertheless: "My father kept me and my mother never said anything." Meanwhile, unsuccessful "comics" destined for *Harper's Weekly*, abortive attempts to sell newspaper illustrations, and designing for Dobson's carpet mills: a deplorable failure this—"when I showed them the geranium, my flower that Richards liked, and some dock-leaves and golden-rod and dog-wood and skunk cabbages I drew because I liked them, they refused absolutely to have me."

With the Reading Coal and Iron Company he was more fortunate. He went there at a salary of seven dollars a week, to sell coal! But he did not cease to draw. He was accepted as a free scholar at the Pennsylvania School of Industrial Art. "Then my life began," he records. "I had to be at the coal office at seven in the morning and calm Irish carters and coax expatriated British cotton or woollen spinners to buy coal, and steal their custom from our rivals. . . . And I had to stay in and around the office till six in the evening. At seven-thirty, I had to be at the school on North



MADE BY JOSEPH PENNELL AT THE AGE OF SIX, WHEN HIS HABIT OF LOOKING DOWN UPON SCENES GAVE HIM A POINT OF VIEW HE HAS CULTIVATED EVER SINCE: SKETCHES ON THE FOLDED SHEET IN WHICH LETTERS WERE ENCLOSED IN THE DAYS BEFORE THE USE OF ENVELOPES HAD BECOME GENERAL.

Reproduced from "The Adventures of an Illustrator," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

\*"The Adventures of an Illustrator, Mostly in Following his Authors in America and Europe." By Joseph Pennell, N.A., etc. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.; 2s.)



# ILLUSTRATING THE WONDER OF WORK: PENNELL DRAWINGS.

FROM THE LITHOGRAPHS BY JOSEPH PENNELL. (COPYRIGHT IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.)



A CENTRE OF  
GREAT MINERAL  
WEALTH:  
"THE KINGDOM  
OF THE COPPER  
KINGS, BUTTE,  
MONTANA."



CRUDE  
PETROLEUM IN A  
STATE LARGELY  
AGRICULTURAL:  
"STANDARD  
OIL; WHITING,  
INDIANA,  
REFINERY."

In the always entertaining, if often bitter, book, "The Adventures of an Illustrator," which has just been published, that famous artist, Mr. Joseph Pennell, emphasises the interest he has always had in what he calls "The Wonder of Work." "My first subjects," he writes, "are still my subjects—The Wonder of Work"; and it is certain that he is never better pleased than when representing the power of Labour as shown in its great buildings and in its massed machinery. Indeed, his first drawing to be reproduced by process (on April 1, 1881) was of an Oil Refinery—in the article, "A Day in the Mash," done for "Scribner's," which afterwards became "The Century." Writing of his Industrial Art School days, the artist adds: "We formed a little group within the

class, and sketched all over the town, from the Museum of Industrial Art to Cramps' Shipyard and the coal wharves in Kensington, and etchings were made of them. . . . Long before this, my father, who really had an interest in The Wonder of Work, had been out to the oil regions of Pennsylvania, and had taken me to the coal regions up around Tamaqua and Mahanoy City, and Mauch Chunk, and I had made drawings of breakers and mines. . . . So the love of drawing work, for work's sake, was born in me, not 'borne in upon me,' as Friends say. And in my first article, 'In the Mash,' in the 'Century,' there is an oil refinery, and in the Bethlehem article, the second, are the steel works."



# HISTORIC CASTLES FOR THE NATION: ROMAN AND NORMAN STRONGHOLDS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY "THE TIMES," YORK AND SON, AND TOPICAL.



ONE OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE'S GIFTS TO THE NATION: THE GATEWAY OF AN OLD BENEDICTINE PRIORY AT WILMINGTON.



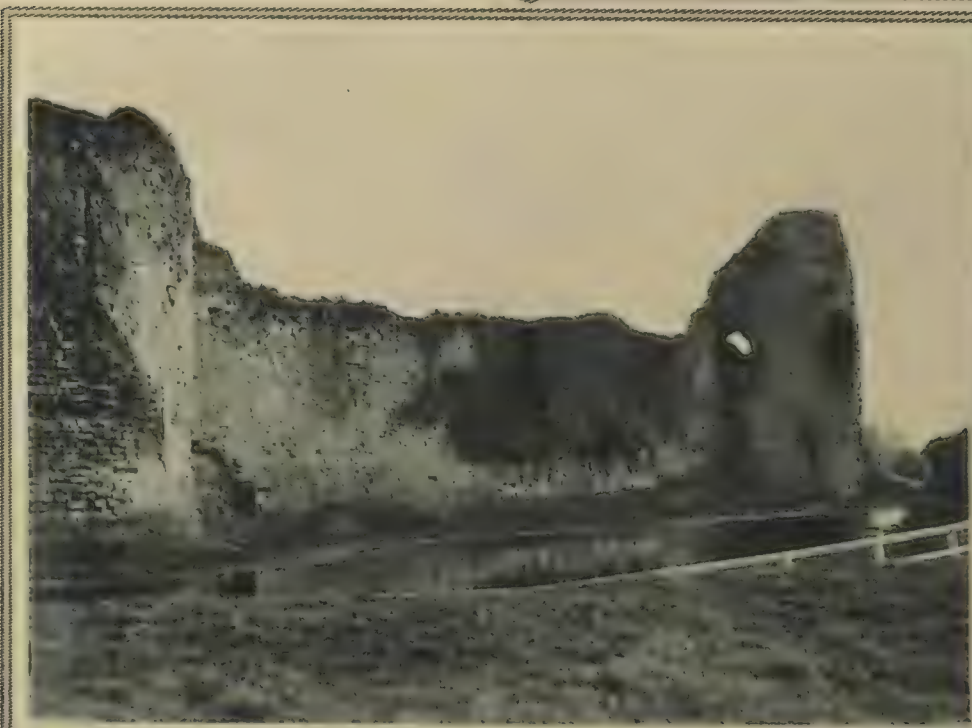
PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE: THE HISTORIC RUINS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE—THE REMAINS OF THE NORMAN STRONGHOLD AS SEEN FROM ONE OF THE BASTIONS OF THE OUTER ROMAN WALL.



ALSO INCLUDED IN THE DUKE'S GIFTS TO THE NATION: THE "LONG MAN" OF WILMINGTON, A CHALK FIGURE CUT IN THE SUSSEX DOWNS.



PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY MR. T. THISTLETHWAYTE, LORD OF THE MANOR: THE RUINS OF PORCHESTER CASTLE, ON THE NORTH SHORE OF PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR, SHOWING THE NORMAN KEEP (RIGHT) AND THE ROMAN WALLS.



WHERE ODO, BISHOP OF BAYEUX, WAS BESIEGED IN 1088 AND SEVERAL LATER SIEGES TOOK PLACE: PART OF THE NORMAN TOWERS OF PEVENSEY CASTLE, BUILT WITHIN AN ENCLOSURE BOUNDED BY ROMAN WALLS.



THE MOST IMPOSING FEATURE OF PORCHESTER CASTLE, BEGUN BY HENRY I. AND ENLARGED BY RICHARD II.: THE GREAT TWELFTH-CENTURY NORMAN KEEP.

Two of the most famous ancient fortresses in the South of England, Pevensey Castle, near Eastbourne, and Porchester Castle, beside the head waters of Portsmouth harbour, have just been presented to the nation by their owners—Pevensey by the Duke of Devonshire, and Porchester by Mr. T. Thistlethwayte—and are now in the care of the Office of Works. The Duke has also included in his gift the gateway of the old Benedictine Priory at Wilmington and the famous chalk figure cut on the Sussex Downs and known as the Long Man of Wilmington, or the Wilmington Giant. The care of these will be undertaken by the Sussex Archaeological Trust. Both Pevensey and Porchester Castles, which date from

Norman times, stand on the site of earlier Roman fortifications. William the Conqueror gave Pevensey to Robert de Mortain, Earl of Morton, who later sided with Duke Robert of Normandy against William Rufus and was besieged at Pevensey with Bishop Odo, of Bayeux, in 1088. The castle also stood a siege in the time of Stephen and Matilda, and again after the battle of Lewes in 1264, when the younger Simon de Montfort held it. The Norman castle of Porchester stands in one angle of the Roman walls and bastions dominated by the great twelfth-century keep. Early in that century was built there the monastery of the Black Canons, whose Norman chapel is now the parish church.



# IN SPAIN AND NORMANDY: BULL-CHASING; BLESSING A FISHING FLEET.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO. AND HARLINGUE.



WITH PICADORS IN THEIR BULL-RING COSTUME: BULL-CHASING IN SPAIN, A POPULAR SPORT IN THE SOUTH THAT IS SAID TO BE TAKING THE PLACE OF HUNTING AS A SOCIETY AMUSEMENT, IN WHICH ROYALTY AND MOROCCAN VISITORS HAVE LATELY TAKEN PART.



THE FIRST "PARDON" OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHING FLEET IN THE HARBOUR OF ST. MALO: MONSIGNOR CHAROST, CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF RENNES, ON BOARD A VEDETTE (RIGHT FOREGROUND) BLESSING THE BOATS ABOUT TO START FOR THE COD FISHERIES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC.

"In Spain," says a note on the upper photograph, "a popular Society sport nowadays is bull-chasing, which in the south is almost replacing the hunting. At a recent bull-chase, members of the Royal Family, as well as some visiting Moroccan chiefs, took part."—The lower illustration shows an interesting and picturesque religious ceremony held at St. Malo, for the first time, on Sunday, February 28, and called the Pardon of the "Terre-Neuvas." "This great festival," says a French writer, "preceded the departure of the fishermen for the Newfoundland Banks. . . . After High Mass in the Cathedral, Monsignor Charost

(Cardinal Archbishop of Rennes) read from the pulpit the Word of God placing the ocean and its fish at the disposal of man, and the famous passage from Chateaubriand on the evening prayer at sea. A procession then went to the harbours of St. Malo and St. Servan where the fishing fleet was assembled. The Archbishop stood at the stern of a white vedette (motor-launch) and blessed as he passed along the ninety boats, which, with 3000 men on board, were about to sail for Newfoundland. Each boat carried at the end of its bowsprit a sprig of broom or mimosa. The religious ceremony was followed by festivities."



# The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

## THE "AMERICAN INVASION."—ENGLISH PLAYS IN FRENCH: COMPARISONS.

IS our stage going to be Americanised? The alarmists say so, and in their little hearts sigh, "God help us!" The optimist, with the benevolent and worldwise attitude of "boys will be boys," looks on and backward: we have heard that wail before. Look at the pre-war playbills of 1914. Besides, what does invasion mean? Does it refer to the plays or the players, or both? It certainly does not to a great extent affect our actors. Now and again a complete American company comes to London (often not for long); a few stars remain; a few stars have become so popular with us that we have practically "naturalised" them—Joseph Coyne, for instance, and Overman—very special artists who fit in well, because we have none like them. If, on the other hand, you go to New York and see how many English actors have come there to stay, you will be astonished. One could reel off twenty well-known names, beginning with George Arliss and Lionel Atwill, and the cry is "still they come," attracted by the mighty dollar. But in the American Press one reads but rarely about "invasion." If the actor is an acquisition, he is welcome. The Americans look upon the matter as one of quality and not quantity; whereas on this side (and wrongly) we are always afraid of competition, and are all too ready with the plaint that our visitors take the bread out of the mouths of our professionals, which is a fallacy.

The plays—ah, that is another matter. As I write I have counted the number of American importations. In our forty-three theatres in London there are at present thirteen American productions, including musical comedies and crook and mystery plays. In some of these a few American actors appear; only one has a full American cast; they are mainly manned by our own people. Of course, thirteen in forty-three is a large proportion; but it is not excessive if we hear that our managers experience great difficulty in finding home-made plays of sufficient commercial promise to warrant the risk of production. Their plea is that, above all, they must make the two ends meet, and from their point of view a play which has succeeded in New York is a safer proposition than an original play. Practice has proved that they are right. It may be unfortunate, but—"money talks!" Our theatrical system, with its burdens growing heavier every day, hampers idealistic enterprise. Our public seeks amusement and sensation in the theatre, and as they find it in plenty in American plays—often superior in craft to our own, if rarely in thought—the manager willy-nilly has to give what is wanted. The remedy lies with our dramatists. If they offer work which promises a fair chance, they will find "open sesame." And to a certain extent there may be a stimulus in the American competition. I remember times when the influx of foreign work was stemmed by a sudden awakening of the English dramatist. The theatrical barometer is as variable and uncertain as the weather.

Another fear is that of American methods superseding our more or less conservative ways. Already

six theatres are, so we are told, under American control, and at one of them the American despot, with one fell stroke, raised the price of the pit to seven-and-sixpence. Yes; he did that to his cost, and the inflation lasted less than a fortnight! And so will other innovations which are distasteful to our public. Aloofness is a wonderful antidote to drastic changes. Nor is it correct to assume that, as the American managers have acquired a certain interest in London theatres, it will mean their supremacy. These things are regulated by voting power, and if I read the prospectus

succeeded in preaching England into Prohibition. And, on the whole, the leaders of our theatres understand their business so well that the invaders are more likely to become converts to our methods than the other way round.

It was an interesting experience to see the Savoy comedy, "The Unfair Sex," in French. As the translation was fairly good, there was opportunity to study the difference in methods in play-writing as well as acting. In French "Le Sexe Fort"—it is as near a title as could be found—is quietly amusing, whilst in English it seemed uproariously funny. In French—despite rapid delivery by the actors—we found that the characters talked a great deal. Now, that was curious, since when we translate French plays into English the difficulty is to cut the speeches. The difference seems to be that we express ourselves, from the French point of view, laboriously, whereas French dialogue runs glibly. French ripples; Anglo-French runs a little sluggishly. I heard a Frenchwoman behind say, "It takes them a long time to arrive at little"—and that was what we all felt. For this reason I hardly believe that a French theatre would adopt "Le Sexe Fort." It is not spicy, not daring enough—too much pother for two embraces,

from the French point of view. It was not important enough to whip a cat, as they would put it; too "much ado about nothing." Yet in patches it was droll, and the omniscient lawyer, created by Mr. C. M.

Lowne, became, in the French version—well played by Mr. Wilfrid Walter in British stolidity with a touch of *entente cordiale* accent—a vivid contrast to the others. He remained the *bon chien chasse de race*; all the rest, headed by Mr. George de Warfaz, merged all that was English in them into French vivacity and gesticulation. This was the more remarkable since, except Mme. de Fabreges (who will anon repeat her fine performance in "Le Voleur") they were English born. Thus Mr. Austin Trevor, thus Miss Elizabeth Drury, Miss May Agate, Miss Evelyn Hope, and Mr. Charles Cooke—the latter hitting off in six lines a Parisian taxi-chauffeur to the life. All of them spoke French to the manner born. Who would have ever thought that this complete Parisienne, Miss Evelyn Hope, in the part of Miss Eva Moore, was the same artist who has been the heroine of "The Farmer's Wife" for 900 nights? Who would believe that Miss Elizabeth Drury and Miss May Agate had been trained elsewhere than at the Conservatoire? There was no make-believe in their acting; it was French, and as accomplished as you may find it on the Boulevards.

Well, it has been proved to the hilt that "on the side of the women" there are sufficient Anglo-French artists in London to go the round of nearly all the plays of the modern and the classic repertoire. But are there enough men of the calibre of Mr. de Warfaz and Mr. Trevor and Mr. Cooke?

Strange that, linguistically, as in many other phases of life, the fair sex is more adaptable than the "Sexe Fort"!



KNOCKED OUT BY A WEAKER OPPONENT THROUGH INATTENTION DUE TO HIS SUDDEN RECOGNITION OF A VILLAIN: "CHICK" COWAN (MR. ROBERT ARMSTRONG, ON GROUND) FLOORED BY JOHN DUFFY (MR. JACK PERRY) AND BEING COUNTED OUT BY MAJOR FITZ-STANLEY (MR. GEORGE RELPH, CENTRE), DURING A BOUT IN A NEW YORK HOUSE—A SCENE FROM "IS ZAT SO?" AT THE APOLLO.

"Chick" and his manager, "Hap" Hurley (Mr. James Gleason, seen above kneeling, on the right) are asked to take part in a boxing match in the house where they are acting temporarily as butler and footman—and trainers. During the bout with the chauffeur, whom he could have easily beaten, "Chick's" attention is distracted by suddenly recognising a face he knew—that of a man who had once tried to bribe him to sell a fight—and he is knocked out.

recently published aright, the casting vote lies in English, not in American hands. In sum, I do not believe that the American invasion will materially affect the peace and welfare of our theatre.



COUNTING OUT THE VILLAIN, HEARD "OFF" BEING KNOCKED OUT: (L. TO R.) EDDIE "CHICK" COWAN, THE BOXER (MR. ROBERT ARMSTRONG) AND HIS TRAINER, "HAP" HURLEY (MR. JAMES GLEASON), IN "IS ZAT SO?" AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

The boxer and his trainer, whose interchange of "back chat" in American slang makes all the fun of the piece, accept situations as butler and footman in a New York house, and help to unmask a villain. Above is the last scene, where they hear him ("off") receiving his deserts in the form of a knock-out blow, and proceed to "count him out." Mr. James Gleason is part-author of the play.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

The newcomer has to reckon with the character of the nation. He will not Americanise the London playgoer, any more than Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson

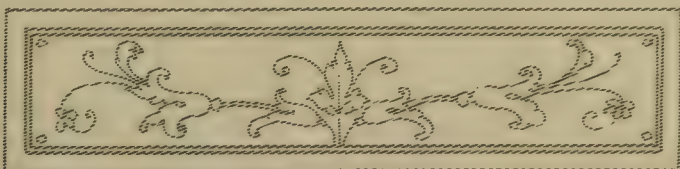


# GEMS OF FRENCH 18TH-CENTURY ENGRAVING: A DELIGHTFUL EXHIBITION.

By COURTESY OF MESSRS. THOMAS AGNEW AND SONS, 43, OLD BOND STREET.



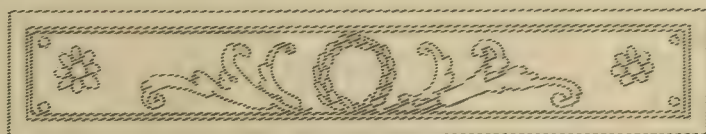
"LE MENUET DE LA MARIÉE" (1786), BY AND AFTER P. J. L. DEBUCOURT:  
A PAIR TO "LA NOCE AU CHATEAU" (REPRODUCED BELOW).



"LES GRACES PARISIENNES AU BOIS DE VINCENNES," BY J. B. CHAPUY, AFTER  
N. LAVREINCE: A PAIR TO "LES TROIS SŒURS" (REPRODUCED ABOVE).



"LES TROIS SŒURS AU PARC DE ST. CLOUD," BY J. B. CHAPUY, AFTER  
N. LAVREINCE: A PAIR TO "LES GRACES PARISIENNES" (REPRODUCED BELOW).



"LA NOCE AU CHATEAU" (1789), BY AND AFTER P. J. L. DEBUCOURT:  
A PAIR TO "LE MENUET DE LA MARIÉE" (REPRODUCED ABOVE).

The Exhibition of French Engravings of the Eighteenth Century, recently opened at Messrs. Agnew's galleries in Old Bond Street, on behalf of the French Hospital and Dispensary in Shaftesbury Avenue, provides an excellent opportunity for studying the delicate art of that period. From the artistic point of view, these engravings and aquatints display the exquisite craftsmanship of the French artists

of that time, while their subjects illustrate the social frivolities of the pre-Revolution era of Louis Quinze and Louis Seize. Among the most charming exhibits, however, are the four reproduced on this page, representing more innocent phases of eighteenth-century French life, in the form of rural wedding festivities and fashionable young women from Paris walking in the woods of Vincennes and St. Cloud.



# Prehistoric Timber: A Suffolk Parallel to a Tyrol Discovery.

AN ANCIENT WOODEN SHELTER FOUND NEAR IPSWICH.

ARTICLE AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. REID MOIR.

THE recent discoveries of Palæolithic relics by Professor Absolon in the loess of Moravia, so graphically described in recent issues of *The Illustrated London News*, mark a turning point in our knowledge of the capabilities of prehistoric man. In archaeological excavations, the specimens usually found are those that, being made of practically indestructible material like flint or other stone, have survived the drastic vicissitudes of the past; while the finding of implements and weapons, composed of bone and such-like fragile things—which have, generally, in the course of ages disappeared—is comparatively rare. The result of this has been to induce most archaeologists to regard these stone implements as the only handiwork of our remote ancestors, and to reach, in consequence, erroneous conclusions as to the unrelieved backwardness and "savagery" of these people. Fortunately, in the loess of Moravia, there are present conditions that have exercised a preservative action upon the objects of bone and ivory made by Aurignacian man, and these have shown that the ancient hunters of Predmost attained a civilisation far in advance of that usually assigned to the people of this period. The now established fact of the manufacture during the Aurignac Palæolithic epoch of bone forks, spoons, spades, and buckles (to mention but a few of the relics recovered) constitutes nothing less than an archaeological revelation. Further, the presence in the Moravian loess of mammoth ribs perforated at one end to receive a piece of polished bone, shaped like a Neolithic stone axe, and the finding of stones with a hole drilled through the centre, such as were used as mace-heads in the last named epoch, establishes finally the fact of the occurrence of these forms of implements in pre-Neolithic times.

Though there have thus now been discovered these unique artifacts in bone and ivory, the records of the finding of examples of ancient man's handiwork in wood are extremely uncommon. We know that this material was used extensively in prehistoric times, in the construction of lake dwellings and similar structures, but the remains of terrestrial dwellings made of wood, and of Stone Age date, are met with but rarely. The reason for this may perhaps be found in the fact that wood, unless subjected to certain favourable conditions, disintegrates and disappears during the slow passing of the centuries.

It is, therefore, of some interest to record that I have discovered recently in the brickfield of Messrs. A. Bolton and Co., Ltd., in the northern portion of Ipswich, the remains of a wooden structure that may be of considerable antiquity. The archaeological diggings, which have been carried out under the auspices of the Percy Sladen Memorial Fund, and by the kind permission of the directors of the brick-works, were undertaken in the north-easterly portion of the small streamless valley in which these works are situated. The excavations have shown that, embedded in the deposits now cloaking the sides of this valley, are two superimposed "floors" or ancient occupation levels, at which a large number of flint implements (e.g., Fig. 2), flakes, and hammer-stones, together with hearths, fragments of coarse pottery, mammalian (including mammoth) and some human bones have been found. In fact, from the relics already recovered a more or less complete picture can be visualised of the hand-axes, points, scrapers, and

rough pottery made by the prehistoric people who inhabited this small Suffolk valley in the remote past.

But the discovery of what appears to be the remains of one of their dwellings at the level of the Lower Floor introduces us to an even more intimate and interesting phase of their activities. At the site where these remains have been found there exists a small terrace in the valley, and the recent diggings have shown that the Lower Floor,

split off a trunk of large size. Behind these planks, which may perhaps be likened to modern "skirting-boards," were piled a quantity of flints and other largish stones, and beyond these, to hold the whole thing in position, a row of stakes, not set closely together, roughly pointed and driven into the sand to a depth of about 1 ft. These stakes have most of their upper portions missing, and were not inserted vertically, but inclined at an angle of about 45 deg. to the east. Between the planks and the supporting mass of stones were found traces of clay, in which were partially embedded portions of numerous branches, and it is supposed that these branches, together with the missing upper portions of the stakes described, extended for some distance above the planks, and afforded a shelter from the sun or wind. About opposite the middle of the shelter, and in close contiguity to it, was found a heap of flints, some quartzite hammer-stones, a large,

roughly made side-scraper, a number of flint-flakes and burnt flints associated with blackened sand, and it seems that here was some sort of habitation where the manufacture of flint implements was carried on.

It is possible that this structure is all that remains of a "wind-screen," such as was used by the primitive Australians and Tasmanians; and, if so, the Ipswich discovery is unique in this country. Further, as the windward side of the shelter faced, approximately, north-west this may be an indication of the direction of the prevailing winds of the days when it was in use. The artifacts found in the shelter are in every way comparable with others discovered in the Lower Floor, where it has been exposed in other parts of the brickfield, and there would seem little doubt that, since this floor was occupied by man, the valley has been deepened by water action and hill washes of apparently different ages laid down over the ancient land surface (Fig. 1). The structure was found under deposits about 5 ft. in depth, and these strata appeared quite unbroken, so that it does not seem possible to suppose that the wooden remains can be other than the same age as the Lower Floor. This would seem unquestionably to be of the period of the Stone Age. When uncovered, the wood seemed to be in a very good state of preservation, but it was soon found that it would not stand exposure to the air, and it was necessary to keep it immersed in a suitable liquid in order to preserve it. About 15 yards away the remains of what appeared to be another shelter were found, but, in this case, a portion of one of the supporting stakes and some small branches were alone recovered. The valley in which the brickfield is situated is extraordinarily rich in the remains of various races of prehistoric people, and, in addition, contains a late Roman cemetery, with other relics of that period. The site where the wooden structure was found has been inhabited by rabbits for a great many years, and their activities have, in some instances, carried pieces of Roman brick and other objects to a considerable depth. This no doubt accounts for the finding of two small pieces of Roman brick about a yard or two from the wooden shelter, as it is very difficult to believe that this structure, covered by an unbroken series of deposits, is of Roman date. It is to be hoped that the further excavations now in progress will be successful in finding other examples of these ancient and important habitations of early man.

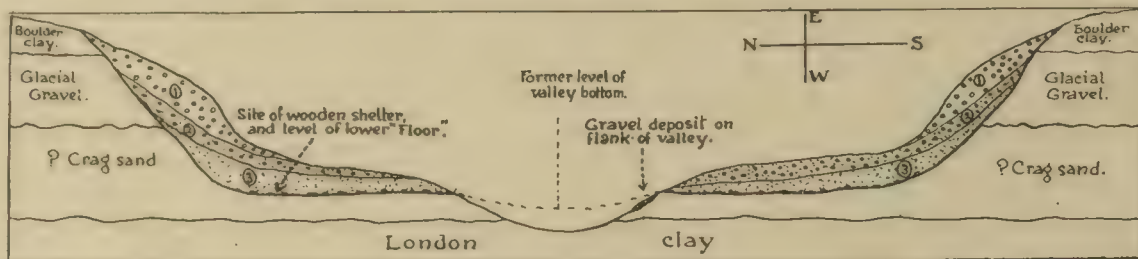


FIG. 1.—SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE PREHISTORIC WOODEN SHELTER: A DIAGRAMMATIC CROSS-SECTION (NOT TO SCALE) OF THE SCENE OF DISCOVERY—A SMALL VALLEY NEAR IPSWICH.

The figures on the strata indicate—(1) Stony hill-wash; (2) Greyish sand with red concretions; (3) Sand.

which rests upon yellow sand, continues into the foot of this terrace and is covered by a series of deposits averaging thirteen feet in thickness (Fig. 3). The basal yellow sand is present in other parts of the valley, and, where containing water, has in it numerous roots of trees (*Pinus sylvestris*) that flourished evidently on the ancient land surface represented by the Lower Floor. There is little doubt that this sand was dry when these trees, which do not favour wet ground, and are not now found in the valley, were growing, and the preservation of their roots is almost certainly due to the present water-logged condition of the sand, which has provided the favourable conditions necessary for the preservation of wood. A quantity of these roots was found in the sand underlying the Lower Floor at the site of the recent diggings, and in close association with the unique wooden structure now to be described (Fig. 4).

This structure consists of two pieces of oak of plank-like form, which overlap where they meet, and were placed with one of their longer edges buried superficially in, and more or less vertical to the surface of the underlying sand. The "planks" are about 2 ft. long, 8 in. wide, and 1 in. in thickness, and, by their characteristic form, were evidently



FIG. 2.—WITH THICK BACK AND STRAIGHTISH CUTTING EDGE: A FLINT KNIFE (ACTUAL SIZE). This is one of many types of prehistoric flint implements found in the lower level of Messrs. Bolton and Co.'s brick-field at Ipswich.



FIG. 3.—SHOWING THE DIFFERENT STRATA OF THE EXCAVATION: A SECTION OF THE TERRACE NEAR THE SPOT WHERE THE WOODEN SHELTER WAS FOUND.



FIG. 4.—SIMILAR TO THE COLLALBO DISCOVERY (PAGE 455), AND POSSIBLY UNIQUE IN ENGLAND: REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC WOODEN SHELTER NEAR IPSWICH.



## PREHISTORIC TIMBER: A TYROL PARALLEL TO A SUFFOLK DISCOVERY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE ITALIAN DEPARTMENT OF ARCHEOLOGY, SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FEDERICO HALBHERR.



SHOWING (LEFT) REMAINS OF A PREHISTORIC HUT BUILT OF HORIZONTAL TREE-TRUNKS, AKIN TO THAT FOUND NEAR IPSWICH (SEE PAGE 454): EXCAVATIONS AT COLLALBO, NEAR BOLZANO, IN THE MUCH-DISCUSSED PROVINCE OF THE UPPER ADIGE.



POSSIBLY A PILE DWELLING, OR REMAINS OF THE HALLSTATT PERIOD: THE REMARKABLE PREHISTORIC TIMBER HUT RECENTLY DISCOVERED ON THE HILL OF COLLALBO, IN SOUTHERN TYROL.

Period, and once occupied by a small Alpine lake—to-day a simple pond—with a peat bog all around it. It was a little below the surface of this marshy ground that the first discoveries took place in 1914-15. . . . The pond and peat bog have now been dried up by means of a drain, and, in clearing away the mud accumulated over the bed of the pool, at a depth of only 3-4 ft. from the previous water level, a curious structure of horizontal beams has come to light, forming at one end a platform, on which, with walls likewise made of horizontal posts, a rectangular wooden room or hut was built. But no traces of vertical piles, or an actual pile dwelling—such as, for instance, those of the Italian 'Palafitte' and 'Terramare'—have been discovered. It would be bold to attempt to date this dwelling on the basis of the present evidence. The objects found so far represent different epochs. Not to mention various fragments of pottery of doubtful chronology, we have bronze and iron implements, which may belong to the later Hallstatt or the La Tène period, and partly even to the age of Etruscan and Roman occupation. Not only is there the aforementioned fragment of Rhaeto-Etruscan inscription, but also a Roman republican coin of the second century B.C. On the other hand, a fine piece of stag-horn and, in particular, an arrow-head and a knife in hard stone, point to Neolithic

[Continued below.]

1.  
ON the heights of Collalbo—formerly Klobenstein—near Bolzano," writes Professor Halbherr, "some ancient remains consisting of traces of rough defence walls, numerous bits of coarse pottery, and stone, bronze, and iron implements, with a fragment of Etruscan inscription, had been found before the war by the Austrian archaeologist, Professor Oswald Menghin, of Vienna University. . . . The Italian Government, after the annexation of South Tyrol—now Alto Adige—made a careful survey and, later on, a regular excavation of this promising area, entrusting the task to Dr. Ghislanfoni, the experienced archaeologist, to whom we owe the first excavations of Cyrene. The works were carried on during the last months of 1925, and will be resumed this spring, but they have already resulted in a discovery so remarkable for its singularity as to be destined to rouse most lively discussions amongst archaeologists. The Hill of Collalbo, on the ancient Roman road from 'Pons Drusi'—the present Bolzano—to the Brenner Pass and the Valley of the Inn, rises in front of the Rosengarten Dolomites, commanding one of the finest views of the Rhaetian Alps. Its summit, 3600 feet high, forms a small plateau 530 ft. long by 460 ft. wide, surrounded by woods and meadows, with a depression in its centre, produced in the porphyritic rock by erosions of the Glacial

Continued in Box 2.



A PUZZLE IN PREHISTORIC ARCHAEOLOGY: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE COLLALBO HUT—DESCRIBED AS THE MOST CURIOUS AND IMPORTANT OF RECENT ALPINE DISCOVERIES.

[Continued.]

times. Wood played quite an important part in the every-day life of a settlement; it was employed for making spoons, vessels, and other domestic utensils. But wood is not a material from which chronological inferences can be drawn, as its use is proper to every epoch in woody and mountain regions. All that can be said, pending further evidence, is that the Hill of Collalbo has been inhabited for a long period, i.e., from the Neolithic till the Roman Age. But, as

the hut built on the platform finds, in form and technique, its closest counterpart in some similar structures of the Hallstatt period, and most of the material discovered near it is coarse pottery, bronze and iron, we can perhaps anticipate that to the end of that age, rather than to the succeeding La Tène period, the settlement at Collalbo is to be assigned. The discovery is the most curious, and one of the most important of those lately made in Alpine archaeology."



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

## CONCERNING PIKE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THE other day, in the course of my wanderings, I came across a pike lying dead within a foot or two of the margin of Virginia Water, and promptly hauled it out. But it had evidently been dead for no more than half an hour or thereabouts, since it was in a perfectly fresh condition; yet my post-mortem

teeth towards the palate; any wriggling on the part of the victim only hastens its onward passage. One can best grasp this action by passing the finger along this broad band of teeth. Towards the throat it glides as smoothly as though it were passing over a highly polished surface. But try the reverse

direction with the greatest caution, or blood will speedily be drawn! To assist the process the lower jaw is armed with a number of widely spaced teeth, like the terminal ends of sharp needles, and stout ones at that.

Large fish are seized across the middle, and held in a vice-like grip

one within the mouth of the other. They were gaffed, and hauled ashore, and were found to weigh, together, 19 lb. From a lake at Sherborne, in Dorset, some years ago, in one season two pike, weighing respectively 35 lb. and 29 lb., were found floating dead at the surface, each having tried to swallow a fish of about one-third its own weight, a carp in one case, a pike in the other. Some of the stories of "Fishermen's Pike" may well be true. For, though fish of 35 lb. are not common, there are numerous indubitable records of weights up to 60 lb. and 70 lb.; possibly some records exceeding 70 lb. may be true. The greater part of the skeleton of the head of a 70-lb. fish, taken in Loch Ken, hangs, to this day, on the walls of Kenmure Castle. It was caught with a fly made of a peacock's feather.

And now a word as to the coloration of the pike. The dark back and golden-spotted sides of the newly caught fish are familiar to most of us. And there can be few who have not experienced the pleasure of watching, at any rate, small pike, or "jack," lying motionless among the reeds in still water. Yet it is only by accident that one will be seen, for this coloration is of a highly "protective" character. At will he can move stealthily towards some intended



"OF A HIGHLY 'PROTECTIVE' CHARACTER": THE COLORATION OF THE PIKE.

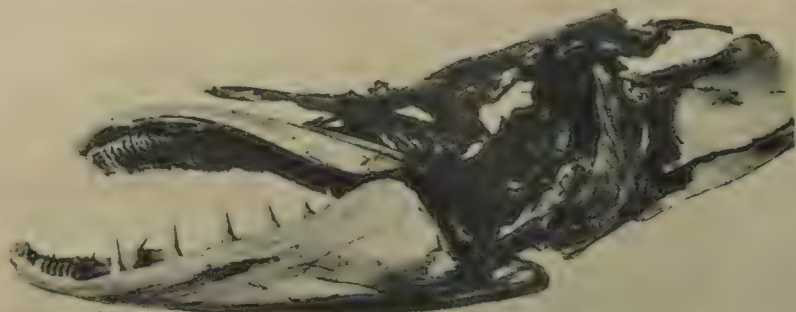
"While very small pike are often more or less conspicuously striped with pale transverse bars, later these are succeeded by the golden, or white, spots along the sides. The back is of a dark olive-green, the belly white. The small holes on the head are the openings of glands from which mucus is exuded."

failed to reveal any cause for its untimely end, for it was but a youngster about 18 inches long. My welcome find reminded me of a host of interesting facts about pike, some of which yet require investigation. One of these concerns their distribution, for they are found in the most unlikely and isolated places. As that most excellent naturalist, Lubbock, pointed out years ago, they are often found in puddles in the Norfolk Fens where turf is cut. How do they get there? Perhaps in time of flood, and are isolated when the water drains off. It has been suggested that in wet weather they may make their way overland from one pond to another, at any rate when they are quite small. Young eels, in the "elver" stage, certainly do this. The mystery is indeed worth investigation by those who live in "Pike country."

The older naturalists were evidently puzzled by this erratic distribution, and sought to explain it by what seems to us an absurdity. "'Tis not to be doubted," says Izaak Walton, "but that they are bred, some by generation, and some not: as namely, of a weed called 'pickerel-weed,' unless learned Gesner be mistaken, for he says this weed, and other glutinous matter, with the help of the sun's heat, in some particular months, and some ponds, adapted for it by nature, do become Pikes. But, doubtless, divers Pikes are bred after this matter, or are brought into some ponds some such other ways as is past man's finding out, of which we have daily testimonies." Our knowledge has advanced somewhat since the days of this delightful old writer of some two hundred and seventy years ago. It would seem that pike pair up in the late autumn, when they leave the weedy shallows for deeper water. In March or April, or even earlier, they return again to quiet shallows and backwaters, to spawn among the weeds. The smaller fish spawn first, and two or three males have been found in attendance on one female.

Frank Buckland estimated that in the spawn of a 32-lb. fish there were 595,200 eggs; and these take from ten days to three weeks to hatch, according to the temperature of the water. But the young fry do not begin to feed for another fortnight, by which time the yolk-sac, on which they have so far depended for nourishment, has become exhausted. At first they take larvæ, insects, and shrimps. But in a very little while they start on their career of rapine, for they are veritable fresh-water sharks! In the matter of its teeth the pike is quite unlike the shark, albeit he carries a most formidable armature. The "maxilla," which is the strip of bone forming the greater part of the side of the upper jaw, is toothless; and the "pre-maxilla," which forms the tip of the snout, is but feebly armed. The roof of the mouth, however, as will be seen by a glance at the adjoining photograph, bristles with teeth. And these are of a very peculiar kind. For they are hinged. That is to say, the base of the tooth, when closely examined, has the appearance of having been sawn half-way through, while the intact portion, opposite the cut area, is sufficiently elastic to allow of the tooth being bent downwards, towards the throat. Hence as soon as the process of swallowing its victim begins, its progress is assisted by the gentle bending of the

till they are exhausted; they are then released, caught "head-on," and swallowed. All is "fish" that comes to pikes' jaws—even members of their own kind; but, besides, water-voles, young water-hens and ducks—and the parents also, in the case of a big pike—are eaten. Pike will not scruple even to attack their arch-enemy, man, if they be very hungry and the man be bathing. There are, indeed, many well-authenticated stories of men and boys having been severely bitten on these occasions. Pike sometimes fall victims to their own ferocious greed. A case is on record of two pike which were seen struggling in the water, the head of



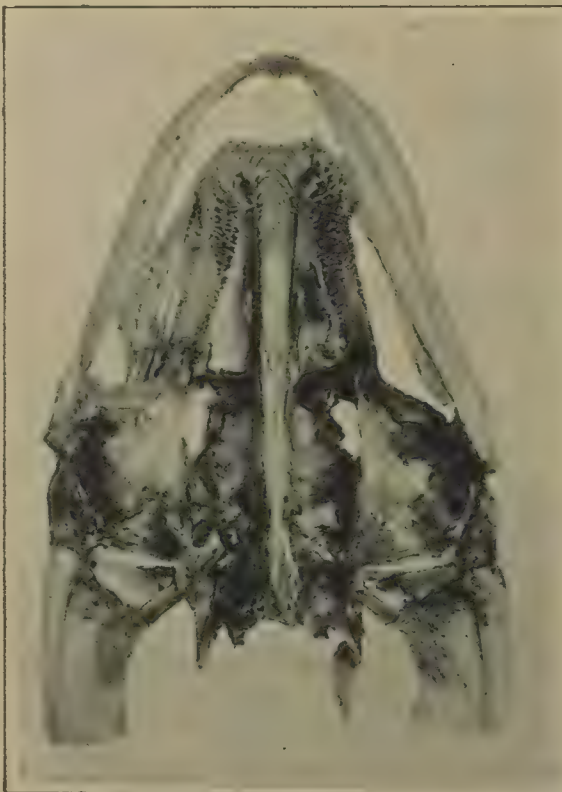
"A VERITABLE FRESHWATER SHARK": THE MOUTH OF A PIKE, SHOWING THE FORMIDABLE TEETH OF THE LOWER JAW.

"The lower jaw bears a formidable armature of long, needle-like teeth used to obtain a good grip when the victim is first seized. These teeth are not hinged."

victim, by the gentle undulations of the dorsal fin, placed far back on the body; then, with a swift side-to-side swish of the tail, he darts forward with lightning speed to seize his prey before danger is even suspected. The intensity of this coloration, however, varies with the seasons and the condition of the fish, and is most vivid during the breeding-season.

Finally, something must be said as to the rate of growth, and the age to which pike may live. There is a story of a pike taken in Sweden in the year 1449, with a ring about his neck declaring that he was put into the pond from which he was taken by Frederick the Second, more than 200 years previously! This is a very unconvincing story. More moderate estimates suggest forty or fifty years. If the average rate of growth—where there is a sufficiency of food—be 2 lb. a year, this would be about right for a 60-lb. fish. On the other hand, a fish of this weight might, and probably would, be much older, for the rate of growth would almost certainly slow down very considerably with approaching old age.

Age materially reduces their palatability as a table-fish. According to some, indeed, this is non-existent at any time. Sir Herbert Maxwell recommends that the "dressing and stuffing should be as savoury and as nutritious as possible, so that something edible may remain after you have thrown the fish away"! In the Middle Ages pike were highly esteemed, and were a feature of every banquet; and there are many to-day who will tell you that a river-fish, of medium size, taken in the autumn or winter, is by no means without merit, if properly cooked. Izaak Walton gives a long and very elaborate recipe as to how this is to be done. "He is to be roasted stuffed with oysters, and anchovies, and sweet herbs, and 'claret wine,' butter, and the juice of oranges, cloves, and a pinch of garlic." Izaak concludes: "This dish of meat is too good for any but anglers, or very honest men!"



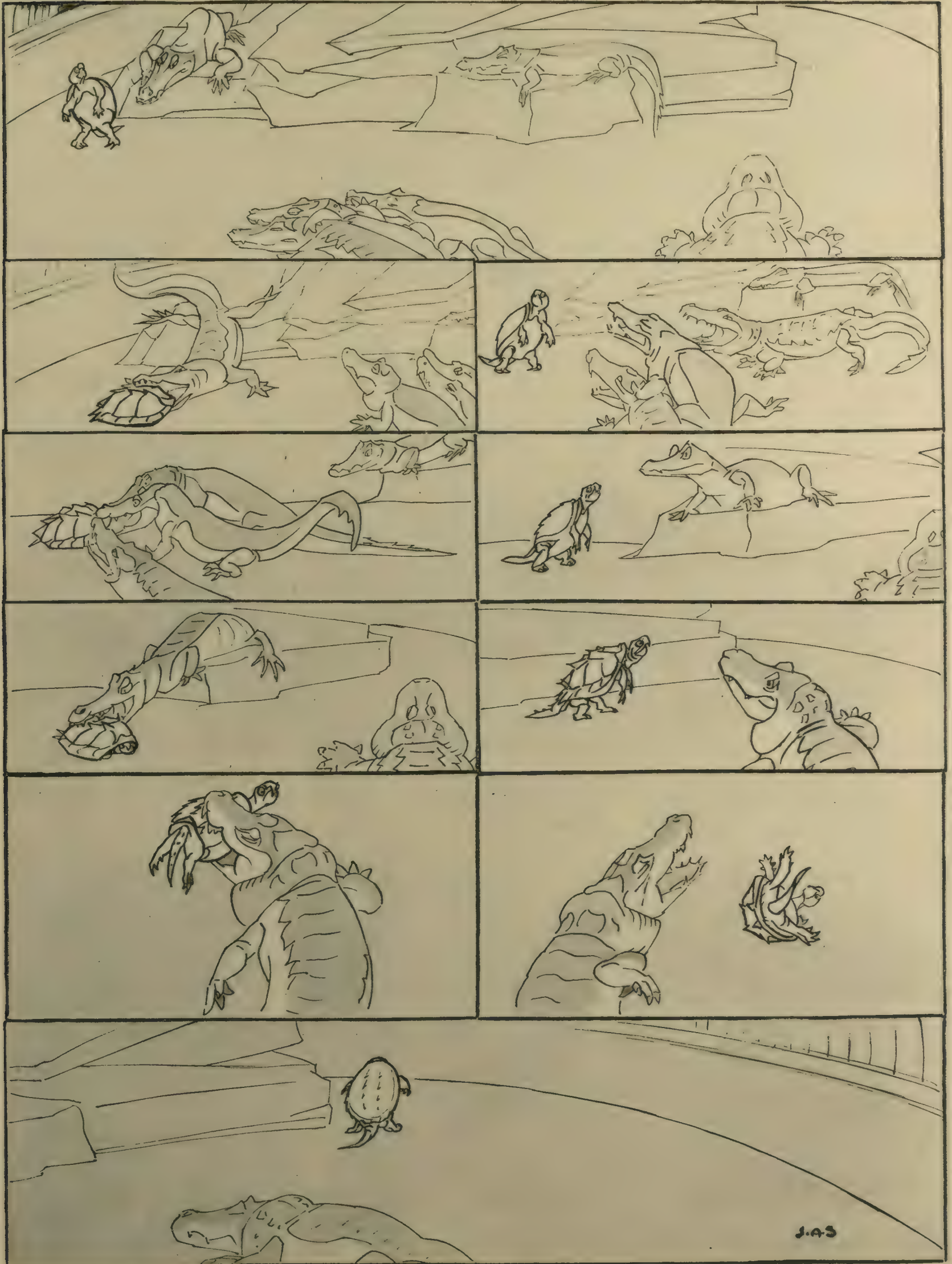
ARMED WITH BROAD BANDS OF HINGED TEETH: THE ROOF OF A PIKE'S MOUTH.

"The roof of the mouth of a pike bears broad bands of hinged teeth; a few small teeth are borne at the end of the snout, but there are none on the sides of the mouth."



## HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. IX.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



BR'ER "CROC" AND BR'ER SNAPPER: A WORDLESS DRAMA OF PROTECTIVE ARMATURE IN THE REPTILE HOUSE.

Temminck's Snapper has been crowded out—his tank being required for other exhibits—and placed in the large basin with the crocodiles and alligators! Was he dismayed? Not at all—he simply wandered round the island of rocks on a tour of inspection. Perturbed at the snapping of the crocodiles and alligators? Not a bit of it: as they snapped, he tucked in his head, tail, and

legs and lay low. They took no second bite, for Br'er Snapper's shell is armour plate and armed with spikes! We wondered how he would fare with "George," the big alligator. The big saurian made a mouthful of him forthwith, but dropped him like a hot brick, and Br'er Snapper passed on his way rejoicing, an object lesson in protective armature.



## OUTDOOR DELIGHTS WITHIN DOORS: IDEAL GARDENS AT OLYMPIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN E. W. J. PAYNE, M.C.



WITH CENTRAL POOL AND CLIPPED BOX HEDGE: A FORMAL GARDEN SHOWN BY CAPTAIN R. CREWDSON-DAY.



WITH THATCHED SUMMER-HOUSE, SHRUBS, AND TOPIARY: A ROCK-GARDEN EXHIBITED BY LUFF AND SONS.



LAI D OUT, LIKE THE OTHERS, IN THE ANNEXE AT OLYMPIA: AN OCTAGONAL FORMAL GARDEN WITH RAMBLER ROSES ON POSTS, CRAZY PAVING, AND A LOW STONE WALL, SHOWN BY MR. REGINALD WINTER.



REPRESENTING A SYLVAN GLADE WITH A STREAM: A GARDEN PLANTED WITH TREES, HEATHER, SHRUBS, AND FLOWERS, SHOWN BY JAMES CARTER AND CO., AT OLYMPIA.



WITH WATER FLOWING IN THREE CASCADES OVER ROCKS AND BOULDERS TO THE STREAM SHOWN IN THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH: ANOTHER VIEW OF MESSRS. CARTER'S GARDEN.

All the outdoor delights of beautiful gardens may be seen, within doors, under the roof of the Annexe at Olympia, in the Ideal Home Exhibition. These "gardens of enchantment," as the catalogue aptly calls them, form, as usual, one of the principal attractions. Many varieties of horticulture are represented, including the formal garden, the rock garden, and skilful effects in the imitation of natural landscape. As Mr. Percy Izzard writes in a note

on the exhibits, "one can see a fine object lesson of the advances which have been made in the science and art of gardening, to gratify many diverging tastes and accommodate the scope of varying plots and purses." The rock-garden, he points out on the authority of Miss Gertrude Jekyll, lends itself well to ingenious treatment in the small plots of suburban villas. No one who rejoices in a garden should miss seeing these practical demonstrations.



## ITALY'S "PRINCESS MARY": PRINCESS YOLANDA AND HER DAUGHTER.



THE KING OF ITALY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER: PRINCESS YOLANDA, COUNTESS CALVI DI BERGOLO, AND HER LITTLE GIRL.



THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE KING OF ITALY: PRINCESS YOLANDA'S LITTLE GIRL—AND A FRIEND.



A CAT MAY LOOK AT A KING'S—GRANDDAUGHTER: A CHARMING STUDY OF PRINCESS YOLANDA'S BABY GIRL.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER: A DELIGHTFUL PORTRAIT OF PRINCESS YOLANDA AND HER LITTLE GIRL.

The marriage of the King of Italy's eldest daughter, Princess Yolanda, forms a parallel to that of our Princess Mary. In each instance a royal Princess has taken a husband from the ranks of the aristocracy of her father's kingdom, instead of becoming the bride of a royal Prince from another country. Princess Mary's marriage to Viscount Lascelles, elder son of the Earl of Harewood, was celebrated in 1922, and in 1923 Princess Yolanda became the wife of Count Calvi di Bergolo, an officer in the Italian Army. Princess Yolanda has one little girl, born in 1924, who is shown with her in our delightful portrait-studies. Her small son, Georgio, who was born last year, only survived for a few days. It will be remembered that Princess Mafalda, the second daughter of the King and Queen of Italy, has contracted a royal marriage. Her wedding to Prince Philip of Hesse, son of Prince Frederick Charles of Hesse and his wife, Princess Margaret of Prussia (a sister of the ex-Kaiser), was celebrated last year.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MASSAGLIA; SUPPLIED BY C.N.



## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

THERE is a form of optimism which has been aptly expressed in the words of the poet—

Though the world be bad,  
It's the best to be had;

but, while admitting that unfortunate fact, I have always felt that the world might be made considerably better. Books written with that end in view appeal to me more than those dedicated to "the god of things as they are," or to that still more popular deity, "the god of things as they ought not to be." Probably this is rank heresy according to modern canons of literary art, but, if so, I am content to be writ down a heretic. I do not mean that I want a book to be preachy or didactic—history and realism can teach finer lessons than any sermon—but only that it should have some bearing on human betterment and be written in a beneficent spirit.

These conditions I find satisfactorily fulfilled in "THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE," arranged as a narrative by Charles Seymour, Professor of History at Yale University (Ernest Benn; 2 vols.; £2 2s. the set, net), for here are plain facts and absolute candour combined with enthusiasm for the world's welfare. Colonel House is revealed as a political idealist, who, in the words of Lord Grey, "longed to get good accomplished and was content that others should have the credit." Unlike most idealists, however, he was able to put many of his ideals into practice. The wonderful thing about him is the wide political influence he wielded without holding any official position, in his unique capacity as the President's personal adviser. He had done the same in the State politics of Texas in his earlier days, as adviser and mentor of successive Governors. Throughout his career he has so far avoided office like the plague.

During the war I remember, as a journalist, finding a difficulty in labelling him: he was not a Minister; he was not an Ambassador; yet he was continually cropping up, and one had to call him something. If I had only known, I should have called him a diplomatic octopus, with a tentacle in every capital, sometimes, perhaps, disturbing to the ambassadorial fish on the spot. He knew everybody, and he exerted his influence by conversation and correspondence. His pacific mission to Europe in June 1914, when he interviewed the Kaiser, is said by the latter to have almost prevented the war.

Colonel House's affection and admiration for President Wilson were warmly reciprocated: it was a case of mutual hero-worship. "Mr. House," said the President, "is my second personality. He is my independent self. His thoughts and mine are one." These volumes, which carry the story of the Wilsonian administration as far as America's entry into the war, not only form a historical document of great importance, but present a close personal portrait of the President. We see him aloof, austere, prejudiced, inclined to "dodge trouble," and obsessed by a "Calvinistic conscience," yet withal, beneath the surface and in his intimate relations, very human and sympathetic.

My own impression of President Wilson, from the single glimpse I got of him, is that of a genial man. I saw him driving down Fleet Street in an open carriage with his second wife, when he visited London after the war, and he did not look at all austere then; in fact, he was smiling jovially. The incident recurs as I read an extract from Colonel House's diary. "I asked," says the Colonel, "if he would like to be editor of a daily paper. He replied that nothing would appeal to him less, for no one could write every day an opinion of value. It was difficult enough to do this once a week." (Hear, hear!)

Since the date on which Colonel House's record ends—April 2, 1917—much has happened in the world, and symptomatic of conditions to-day is the first issue of "THE EUROPA YEAR-BOOK—1926," edited by Michael Farbmán, Ramsay Muir, and Hugh F. Spender (Europa Publishing Company and Routledge; 15s. net). It is further described as "An annual illustrated survey of Europe—politics—economics—science—art—literature; a Who's Who and Directory of Europe; a statistical abstract of economic and social conditions, and a review of current European history." As our forefathers would have said, this work "supplies a long-felt want." I welcome it the more since the name of one member of the editorial triumvirate takes me back to old Toynbee days, when I shared a study with him, and, as an influential quill-driver, regarded with awe his capacity to "place" topical paragraphs in the "sea-green incorruptible" *Westminster Gazette*.

Talking of primary colours—why are most books of reference bound in blazing scarlet, the hue of blood and fire and revolution and motor-buses? More appropriate

for "Europa," I think, were a Locarno shade of olive-green, since the book adumbrates a dawning sense of European solidarity. Quite in keeping, however, is the cover design from classical legend. It represents that strange wooing of the taurine Zeus, when—

Sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd

as she rode through the waves to Crete, grasping "the mild bull's golden horn."

The mother of Minos received the divine promise that "a division of the world shall bear thy name." Since the days of Horace, who tells the tale, Europe has been a geographical unit. That it must now become a political unit we have the word of Mr. H. G. Wells, who writes the short opening chapter in "Europa." He says: "We no longer see the United States of Europe as a Utopia, but as a stern necessity that must over-ride our proudest patriotisms and our dearest hatreds." The Wellsian dictum is by way of preface; the remainder of this useful volume is rightly concerned with facts rather than theories. I hope that, in the next edition, the biographical element may be enlarged. There are only some 8000 names in the personal index, as compared with 30,000 entries in "Who's Who." European reputations are rarer than the domestic variety, and often on a different plane.

We may never know what Europa's 'mantle' was like, and I am inclined to think that Tennyson's allusion



BOUGHT FOR THE TATE GALLERY: "FEMME ASSISE," BY EDGAR DEGAS, NOW IN THE EXHIBITION OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH MASTERS AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.

"Femme Assise," an early work by Degas, painted in 1873 and included in the Exhibition of Great French Masters of the Nineteenth Century, at the French Gallery in Pall Mall, has been bought by the Courtauld Trustees for the National Gallery at Millbank.—[By Courtesy of the French Gallery, 120, Pall Mall.]

to it was a concession to Victorian delicacy, for what woman would wear a mantle riding in the sea? Whatever she may have worn on more suitable occasions must be a matter of conjecture, though I dare say Sir Arthur Evans could give a very good guess from his Minoan researches in Crete. There is no guess-work, however, about the attire of some of her descendants, described and lavishly illustrated in a large volume consisting mainly of ninety-six colour-plates—namely, "THE COSTUMES OF EASTERN EUROPE," by Max Tilke (Ernest Benn, Ltd.; £5 5s.). Here, as it were, is a historical "mannequin parade" from Russia, Finland, Lapland, Poland, Hungary, and all the countries of the Balkans. The costumes illustrated are of various dates (not always mentioned) and range apparently from the sixteenth century to recent times. They have mostly been painted from originals in the Ethnographic Museums of Berlin, Hamburg, and Budapest. The book will doubtless be of value to ethnologists, but it has a more immediate and popular purpose.

"My chief aim," says the author, "is to offer fashion artists and dress designers new inspirations."

There is a certain sartorial interest also in a book that takes us over the south-eastern border of Europe, "A TURKISH KALEIDOSCOPE," by Clare Sheridan, with thirty-two illustrations (Duckworth; 15s. net). Mrs. Sheridan, the well-known American sculptor who a few years ago made busts of the leading Bolsheviks in Russia, here gives a lively and picturesque account of Turkey under the Kemal régime. Concerning Kemal Pasha himself, his divorce and his drastic reforms in Turkish dress, she writes in a tone of irony. "The leader of the Turkish Republic," she says, "that beacon-light of the new Oriental Renaissance, has crystallised Turkey's requirements into a single word—'hat.'"

Mrs. Sheridan takes the reader, of course, through the Golden Horn (not the one Europa grasped) to the "Queen of cities," who has had to resign her pride of place to the upstart Angora. The story of the discrowned capital is told in a style no less witty and picturesque, but with more of depth and erudition, in "CONSTANTINOPLE," by George Young, with twelve illustrations and a map (Methuen; 12s. 6d. net). The author has adopted the method of a guide-book, which enables him to write history in colloquial style, as though lecturing informally to a conducted party. He takes the reader on an imaginary tour of the city in chronological order, with halts for descriptions at various buildings and sites connected with the successive Roman, Byzantine, Osmanli, and Ottoman Empires. Finally, there is a chapter on the Turkish nation, including a brief summary of the Balkan wars and the Great War. I have no room to explain Mr. Young's criticism of British war policy in the Dardanelles. It represents, perhaps, what Colonel House calls "hindsight wisdom," but deserves attention, as, indeed, does the whole of this interesting book.

To anyone who, like myself, is dependent on the printed word for knowledge of most foreign countries, the welter of conflicting opinion in books on Eastern Europe is perfectly bewildering. I felt it in comparing "SMARANDA: A COMPILATION IN THREE PARTS," by Lord Thomson of Cardington (Jonathan Cape; 7s. 6d. net), and "THE BOLSHÉVİK MYTH," by Alexander Berkman (Hutchinson; 18s. net). "Smaranda" might be described as a humourist's commentary on serious and often tragic things, with a slender thread of romance running through it. The first part is the diary of "Brigadier-General Y—," who was sent on a mission to the Balkans, visited Russia just before the Revolution, and ended by becoming a Labour candidate in England. The second part consists of seven sketches, including two on Constantinople; and the third part is a story—"A Tale of Western Thrace." I should have enjoyed this entertaining book still more but for the author's persistent habit of suppressing names, or giving fancy names to actual people and places. Thus, in the sketch, "A Lost Leader," he portrays one of the "White" invaders of Russia, and compares him to President Wilson, but, as he does not name the General, the comparison falls rather flat. Yet he describes him quite well enough for those who know to identify him, and I do not see the necessity for such mystification. "The Bolshevik Myth" is a lurid diary kept by an Anarchist who was deported from the United States and went to Russia anticipating a political paradise. As he apparently expected to find the principles of anarchy (i.e., absence of government) popular with the most rigorous Government in the world, he was naturally disappointed.

As usual, I have made an overdraft on my space—a thing that befalls me sometimes in another connection—and I must wait until the balance is redressed to settle with various books that importune me for notice. Five belong to biography and reminiscence—"BEATRICE CENCI," by Corrado Ricci (Heinemann; 2 vols.; 32s. net); "VERDI," by Franz Werfel (Jarrolds; 16s. net); "REGENCY LADIES," by Lewis Melville (Hutchinson; 21s. net); "MEMOIRS OF A POOR DEVIL," by T. Murray Ford (Philpot; 8s. 6d. net); and "SLAVES AND IVORY," by Henry Darley (Witherby; 12s. 6d. net). Mediaeval charity is described in "HOUSES OF PITY," by John Morrison Hobson (Routledge; 10s. 6d. net), and literary miscellanea in a volume of essays entitled, from the first, "THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD," by A. Edward Newton (The Bodley Head; 20s. net). Thus I am more "full of matter" than the melancholy Jaques, and have no need to seek "books in the running brooks." They pour upon me continually in rivers of ink.

C. E. B.

## COLOUR-REPRODUCTIONS OF THE GOLDEN COFFIN OF TUTANKHAMEN AND THE GOLD PORTRAIT-MASK OF TUTANKHAMEN.

WE have decided, in answer to many requests, to issue (on thick paper, suitable for framing) a special and limited edition of our wonderful colour-reproductions of:—(1) THE GOLDEN COFFIN OF TUTANKHAMEN; (2) THE GOLD PORTRAIT-MASK OF TUTANKHAMEN. The actual colour-prints are, respectively, 12½ in. by 16½ in., and 12½ in. by 16½ in.; and they are reproduced on paper measuring 17½ in. by 24½ in. The pair will be delivered (post free) for 10s. the two; or a single proof of either subject will be delivered for 5s. 6d. Anyone desirous of purchasing these fine colour-reproductions should apply without delay to the Publishing Office, "The Illustrated London News," 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.



## SCENES FROM BIBLICAL HISTORY BY EDMUND DULAC.

FROM THE PAINTING BY EDMUND DULAC. COPYRIGHT THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA



### RUTH AND BOAZ.

"And when Boaz had eaten and drunk, and his heart was merry, he went to lie down at the end of the heap of corn: and she came softly and uncovered his feet, and laid her down."

*This is the seventh in the series of beautiful colour-studies of Biblical subjects, by that famous artist, Mr. Edmund Dulac, begun in our Christmas Number of 1925. The first four colour-plates, given therein, illustrated the Expulsion from Eden, the Flood, the Doom of Lot's Wife, and the Death of Samson. The fifth—Moses and the Bulrushes—appeared in our issue of January 9 last, and the sixth—the Fall of Jericho—in that of March 6. Others will follow in later numbers.*



# THE BEN MARSHALL VOGUE: A BYGONE SPORTING PAINTER "REVIVED."

FROM THE PAINTING BY BENJAMIN MARSHALL. REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE OWNER, LORD BARNARD, M.C.



BY A LONG-NEGLECTED BRITISH ARTIST WHOSE WORK, AFTER A CENTURY OF OBLIVION, LATELY BEGAN TO COMMAND HIGH PRICES:

"HAPHAZARD," BY BENJAMIN MARSHALL (1767-1835).

There has of late been a strong revival of interest in the work of Benjamin Marshall (1767-1835), an English painter of sporting pictures who practised in London and Newmarket, and exhibited at the Academy between 1800 and 1819. A few months ago Lord Woolavington paid £2205—a record price for this artist's work—for Marshall's portrait of "Thomas Oldlake, Huntsman of the Old Berkeley," mounted on his brown mare, Pickle. The highest previous price for one of Marshall's pictures was £892 10s., given last May for his portrait of "Captain Ricketts, R.N." on his hunter Mask. During his lifetime, Ben Marshall's work won high praise, and it is mentioned appreciatively in Farington's Diary; but until this new vogue began his name had been practically forgotten for nearly a century. The above picture and another, "The Earl of Darlington and his Foxhounds," were lent by Lord Barnard last year to the Palace of Arts at Wembley. A famous living painter of sport, Mr. A. J. Munnings, R.A., in an

article about them in "Country Life," discussing the work of Ben Marshall and George Stubbs, said: "The better of the two is the portrait of Haphazard. In the picture we can easily trace signs of hurry. . . . Yet there is temperament all over it. See the beautiful paint in the figures—Marshall's figures are always better than his horses. I know of a quick sketch by Marshall equal to anything of the kind by Morland. It is a portrait of an old, well-known Irish horse-dealer of the day, sitting on a corn-bin in a stable. Marshall's artistic eye never seemed satisfied unless whatever he did had composition, and that of no mean order. His spacing was right. See, in this picture of Haphazard, how he has given good proportions of sky and ground: even the placing of the starting-post is there to an inch. Marshall had great gifts, and painted very rapidly. This painting in all could not have taken him long. . . . I know what Marshall could do when he chose to give himself time."



## THE FIRST DAY AT GENEVA: THE SPECIAL ASSEMBLY'S MEETING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO.



UNDER A BATTERY OF CAMERAS, TWO OF WHICH ARE SEEN POKING THEIR LENSES THROUGH THE CURTAINS BEHIND THE DAIS: THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS ASSEMBLY IN SESSION.

The League of Nations Assembly has, under the Covenant, powers equal with those of the League of Nations Council, and complaint has been made that exchanges of views between the Chancelleries on the circumstances of Germany's admission, alone or with others, should have been confined to a few Governments. On the morning of March 8 there was a private session of the Council, at Geneva; and in the afternoon the special Assembly held its first meeting. As to the latter occasion the special correspondent of the "Evening Standard" has had hard words to say: "The Assembly," he wrote, on March 9, "has got its machinery fixed up for Germany's entrance. The session which was held to do this was attended by forty-eight nations, the representatives of Argentina, Peru, Costa Rica, Panama, Bolivia, and others not having obeyed the League's call to action. . . . This session of the Assembly was held in a very shabby, chocolate-coloured smaller edition of Queen's Hall, and attended by fifteen hundred persons of numerous nationalities. [Continued opposite.



BRITAIN'S REPRESENTATIVES AT GENEVA: SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN (RIGHT) AND VISCOUNT CECIL OF CHELWOOD (LEFT) LEAVING AFTER THE FIRST MEETING.

On the floor were the delegates of the forty-eight nations, all at little desks. On the left and right in the lower galleries were 300 journalists; at the end in the lower gallery were 400 wives and friends of diplomats, and above them the carefully selected ticket-bearing public, while in the top galleries, at the sides, right and left, was an extraordinary battery of searchlights, cinema machines, photographic apparatus, sizzling and spluttering lights which were turned on full blast at most inconvenient moments in the proceedings. . . . Anybody was apparently at liberty to do anything at any time. . . . On a high dais sat Viscount Ishii as president, flanked by Sir Eric Drummond and interpreters. . . . A little tinkling bell rang, which meant, 'be seated, business is beginning.' . . . Viscount Ishii made his speech in a thin, almost inaudible, and certainly not understood voice. Up jumped the interpreter to tell in English what the Japanese delegate had said, while the 1500 of the audience all talked and laughed and drowned his voice."



# FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST FROM FAR AND NEAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, PEARCE, THE

"TIMES," STEPHENS, C.N., KEYSTONE, AND TOPICAL.



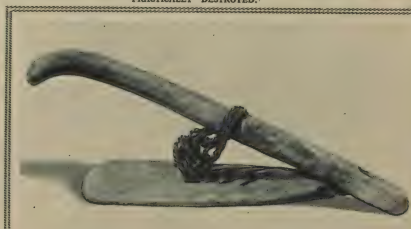
WITH CANVAS SET TO CATCH RAIN-WATER FOR DRINKING: THE DISABLED SCHOONER "GENERAL SMUTS," WHOSE CREW WERE RESCUED BY THE "VOLENDAM" AFTER BEING ADRIFT SEVENTY-SEVEN DAYS.



AUSTRALIAN BUSH FIRES: THE MAROONDAH RESERVOIR WORKS AT HEALESVILLE (FORTY MILES FROM MELBOURNE), WHERE THE WORKERS' VILLAGE WAS PRACTICALLY DESTROYED.



CORRALLING DEER IN KENT: THE HERD AT SURRENDE-DRING, NEAR ASHFORD, ROUNDED UP BY THE KING'S RANGER OF RICHMOND PARK, MR. WELLS, FOR DISTRIBUTING SOME OF THE ANIMALS AMONG OTHER HERDS.



BEARING THE CARTOUCHE OF TUTANKHAMEN'S FATHER-IN-LAW, AKHENATEN (AMENHOTEP IV.): AN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HOE RECENTLY FOUND IN THE TOMB OF AKHENATEN'S GRAND VIZIER, RAMOSA, AT THEBES.



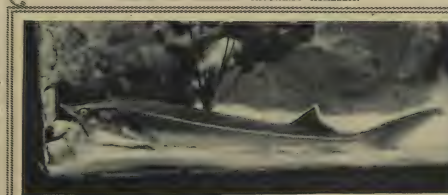
NOW ON ITS WAY TO VISIT THE "ZOO": A SACRED WHITE ELEPHANT AT RANGOON, PROBABLY THE FIRST GENUINE ALBINO TO COME TO EUROPE—SHOWING BURMESE NATIVES IN ATTITUDES OF PRAYER.



A FAMOUS INDIAN WOMAN RULER AT OLYMPIA: THE VEILED REGENT OF BHOPAL AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, WITH HER DAUGHTER-IN-LAW, PRINCESS MAIMOUNA, AND THREE GRANDCHILDREN.



NEAR CANBERRA, THE NEW FEDERAL CAPITAL OF AUSTRALIA: MEN TRYING TO STAMP OUT ONE OF THE BUSH FIRES THAT HAVE DONE OVER £1,000,000 DAMAGE AND RENDERED THOUSANDS HOMELESS.



FISH BELIEVED TO LIVE 200 YEARS: ONE OF TEN STERLETS (A KIND OF STURGEON) LATELY PRESENTED TO THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM BY THE HUNGARIAN GOVERNMENT.



AN OLD LANCASHIRE MANSION UNDER THE HOUSEBREAKER'S HAMMER FOR EXPORT TO THE UNITED STATES: AGCROFT HALL, PENDLEBURY, BOUGHT BY AN AMERICAN DESCENDANT OF ITS FORMER OWNERS.



THE SPAIN-ARGENTINA TRANSATLANTIC SEAPLANE FLIGHT: COMANDANTE FRANCO'S FLYING-BOAT, "NE PLUS ULTRA," ALIGHTING IN THE HARBOUR OF BUENOS AIRES ON ARRIVAL.



OPENING THE NEW LIBRARY OF ARMSTRONG COLLEGE, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE: SIR FREDERIC KENYON (UNLOCKING THE DOOR) WITH LORD GREY (LEFT) AND SIR THEODORE MORISON (EXTREME RIGHT).



WHERE STUDENTS OF ARMSTRONG COLLEGE MAY FOLLOW SIR FREDERIC KENYON'S WISE ADVICE TO "ACQUIRE THE HABIT OF GOOD READING": THE MAIN READING ROOM IN THE NEW LIBRARY.

The Dutch liner "Volendam" recently rescued in mid-Atlantic the crew (numbering six) of the Nova Scotia schooner "General Smuts," which had been adrift disabled for seventy-seven days. She sailed from Spain on December 18 for Newfoundland, encountered a fierce gale which blew away her sails and smashed the lifeboat, and sprang a leak. The crew had been reduced to three biscuits a day and suffered from lack of water.—Damage estimated at over £3,000,000 has been done by the bush fires which occurred in Australia all through February; thousands of people lost their homes, and there were many remarkable escapes.—Agcroft Hall, near Manchester, noted for its carved woodwork and stained glass, has been bought by an American architect who claims descent from the Langleys, its owners until 1561. The house is being taken down, each item being carefully numbered, and will be shipped to Virginia and re-erected there.—At Surrenden-Dering, in Kent, the seat of Sir Henry Dering, Bt., near Ashford, the herd of deer, including some of Japanese breed, were recently rounded up by Mr. Wells, the ranger of Richmond Park, and his sons, and corralled in an enclosure. Many of them were then transferred to other herds in

need of new blood.—The ancient Egyptian hoe illustrated above was found by Mr. Robert Mond while excavating the tomb of Ramosa, Akhenaten's Grand Vizier, at Thebes.—Ten sterlets—a species of sturgeon that inhabit the Black and Caspian Seas and ascend the Danube and other rivers to breed—have been given to the "Zoo" by the Hungarian Government, through Baron Nopcsa. Sterlet roe forms the finest kind of caviare. They are believed to live to a great age, the larger species reaching 200 years.—Another forthcoming attraction at the "Zoo" will be the white elephant from Burma that is to be on view from May 1 to the end of September. It left Rangoon in the s.s. "Arracan" on March 7. It belongs to Dr. Saw Durnay Po Min, President of the Karen Association of Burmese Christians, who values it at many thousands of pounds.—The huge crowd that welcomed the Spanish airmen at Buenos Aires is illustrated on another page.—Viscount Grey of Fallodon presided at Armstrong College, Newcastle, on March 6, when the new Library, built at a cost of £40,000, was opened by Sir Frederic Kenyon, Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum. Sir Theodore Morison is Principal of the College.



## THE GREATEST TEST OF NERVES: WHERE SAFETY LIES IN LYING STILL.

DRAWN BY LIONEL EDWARDS, A.R.C.A.



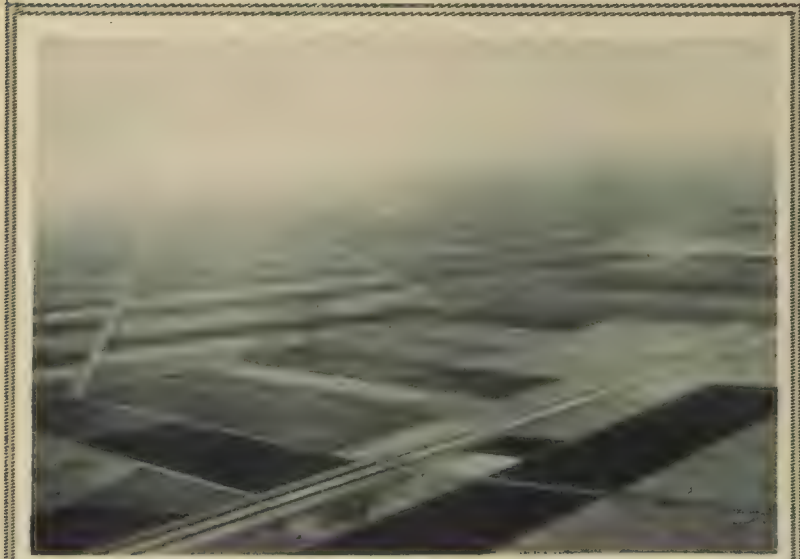
"A FALL AT A STEEPLECHASE JUMP": A PREDICAMENT WHICH, IN THE WORDS OF A FAMOUS 'CHASER, "REQUIRES SOME PATIENCE."

There is no greater test of nerves for a rider than the Grand National (to be run this year on March 26), and one of the severest ordeals which it may impose, a predicament common in steeplechases, is illustrated here by that well-known sporting artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards. In a note upon it, he writes: "Apart from the risk to life and limb which a steeplechase rider may incur himself when falling at a fence, there is the added danger that horses close behind him may jump on top of him. As a matter of fact, this rarely happens, provided the rider lies still. No horse will jump on a prostrate man, if it can possibly be avoided. To rise and attempt to get out of the way is to court disaster. The only safe plan for a fallen rider is to lie where he is,

and let the horses behind jump clear of him—a somewhat nerve-racking experience. In his 'Forty Years of a Sportsman's Life,' Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, himself a celebrated steeplechase rider, refers to an occasion when he came to grief through trying to rise and remount when there was a horse close behind. He was struck on the head and rendered unconscious. As an example of the wisdom of lying still, he cites the experience of the Marquess of Queensberry, who, in a race at Punchestown, came down while leading a field of thirty-six. He lay flat whilst the other horses passed over or close to him. As Sir Claude remarks, "There is no denying that it requires some patience to do this."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



## BLAZING THE AIR TRAIL ACROSS AFRICA: ALAN COBHAM AIR PHOTOGRAPHS.



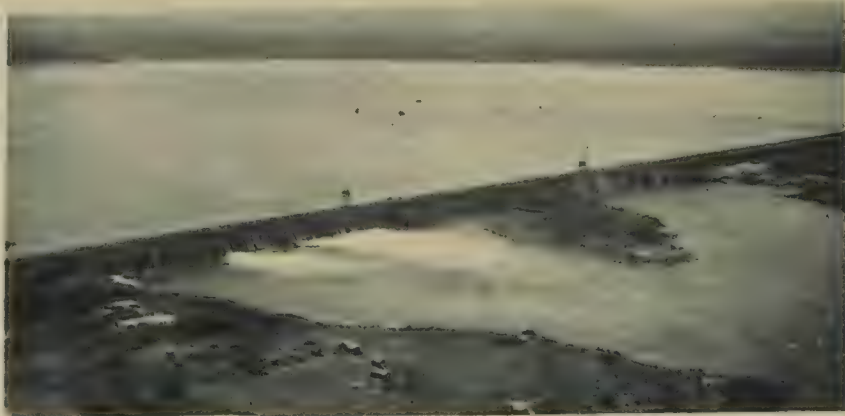
LIKE THE CHESSBOARD "LOOKING-GLASS COUNTRY" IN "ALICE":  
DESERT AT WAD MADANI, SUDAN, IRRIGATED BY DAMMING THE NILE,  
AND PLANTED WITH COTTON.



IN THE REGION OF THE SOURCES OF THE NILE: AN AIR PHOTOGRAPH  
OF THE RIPON FALLS, AT JINJA, IN UGANDA.



"THE HIGHEST DOCK IN THE WORLD" AS SEEN FROM MR. COBHAM'S  
AEROPLANE: AN AIR VIEW OF KISUMU, IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



THE LATEST OF THE GREAT SUDAN IRRIGATION WORKS AS SEEN FROM THE AIR:  
THE RECENTLY INAUGURATED SENNAR DAM ON THE BLUE NILE.



WHERE MR. COBHAM HAD A NARROW ESCAPE FROM DISASTER OVER "THE  
DEVIL'S CATARACT": THE VICTORIA FALLS ON THE ZAMBEZI FROM THE AIR.



THE OLDEST STILL UPRIGHT IN EGYPT AND NEAR THE SPOT WHERE "CLEOPATRA'S  
NEEDLE" STOOD: THE FAMOUS OBELISK AT MATARIEH, HELIOPOLIS, NEAR CAIRO.

These wonderful photographs were taken from Mr. Alan Cobham's aeroplane during his great flight of 8020 miles from London to Cape Town, undertaken for the purpose of "blazing a trail" for future airways across Africa. He left Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edgware, on November 16 last, in a De Havilland biplane, accompanied by Mr. A. B. Elliot (engineer) and Mr. B. W. E. Emmott (photographer). They reached Cape Town, where they had a great reception, on February 17. From Bulawayo, where they had landed on January 31, they made a special short flight to the Victoria Falls, to make a cinematograph film,

and here occurred a thrilling incident which might have ended in disaster. While they were above the brink of the Falls, which are over a mile wide, two huge clouds of spray shot up and drenched the machine, causing the engine to stop. Happily, it picked up again, and they reached a landing ground a few miles off. Mr. Cobham left Cape Town for a quick return flight on February 26, and arrived at Heliopolis, near Cairo, on March 7, having done the Cape-to-Cairo flight in 9½ days. He arranged to leave on the 8th for Sollum *en route* for Athens and London. He was delighted with the results achieved.



## ARGENTINA'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE SPANISH TRANSATLANTIC FLIERS.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY THE "TIMES."



**BUENOS AIRES EN FÊTE FOR THE ARRIVAL OF COMANDANTE FRANCO'S FLYING-BOAT FROM SPAIN :  
AN AIR VIEW OF THE HUGE CROWD ASSEMBLED ON THE QUAYS.**

Comandante Franco and his companions arrived at Buenos Aires in their flying-boat, the "Ne Plus Ultra," on February 10, from Montevideo, the last stage of their great flight across the Atlantic from Spain. They were welcomed with enormous enthusiasm. The city was decorated with flags and business was suspended. Argentine aeroplanes escorted the Spanish machine as it approached

Buenos Aires, and Comandante Franco circled above the city several times before alighting at the harbour. It may be recalled that he started from Palos de Moguer, the Spanish port from which Columbus set sail for his historic voyage. When the news of the airmen's arrival at Buenos Aires was received in Spain, there were great demonstrations in Madrid.



# AT HOME AND ABROAD: NOTABLE OCCASIONS AND PERSONALITIES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL, TOPICAL, P. AND A., HAY WRIGHTSON, RUSSELL, AKKERSDYK (CAPE TOWN), C. N., AND KEYSTONE.



THE ARMY "RUGGER" TEAM THAT BEAT THE NAVY: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—LT. E. E. DOWN, CORP. D. JONES, 2ND LT. D. TURQUAND-YOUNG, LT. H. R. SAUNDERS, LT. R. M. PHILLIPS, LT. G. J. BRYAN, LT. R. P. G. ANDERSON. MIDDLE ROW—GUARDSMAN T. E. REES, 2ND LT. J. D. CLINCH, CAPT. B. M. DUNN, M.C., LT. A. R. ASLETT, CAPT. J. A. ROSS, 2ND LT. W. F. BROWNE. FRONT ROW—LT. A. T. YOUNG, AND LT. E. E. E. CASS, D.S.O., M.C.



THE NAVY "RUGGER" TEAM BEATEN BY THE ARMY: (L. TO R.) BACK ROW—LT. A. A. HAVERS, SUB-LT. H. T. ARMSTRONG, LT. M. RICHMOND, LT. D. ORR- EWING, SUB-LT. R. W. ARMYTAGE, S.P.O. W. S. BROOM, LT. R. D. FRICKER. MIDDLE ROW—LT. C. R. GARRETT, ABLE SEAMAN W. PADDON, MASTER-AT-ARMS W. G. E. LUDDINGTON, ABLE SEAMAN C. R. KNAPMAN, LT. G. C. F. BRANSON, LT. H. C. CUMBERBATCH. FRONT ROW—SUB-LT. G. P. S. DAVIES, SHIPWRIGHT S. HOSKIN.



NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE L.C.C.: SIR GEORGE H. HUME, M.P.



A WELL-KNOWN SHIPPER: THE LATE MR. W. J. BERRILL.



SUING PRINCE CAROL OF RUMANIA IN PARIS; HIS FORMER WIFE, MME. LAMBRINO, WITH HER SON.



PRESIDENT WILSON'S "ALTER EGO": COL. E. M. HOUSE, OF THE "INTIMATE PAPERS."



KILLED BY A MOTOR-VAN IN LONDON: THE LATE BISHOP CROSSLEY.



THE WEDDING OF LADY M. SCOTT AND LT.-COM. HAWKINS, AT CAPE TOWN: (L. TO R.) SEATED—COL. BRIDGEMAN, PRINCESS ALICE, THE BRIDE, THE DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH; STANDING—MISS DAWSON, MISS TAYLOR, HON. WELD FORESTER, THE BRIDEGROOM, THE EARL OF ATHLONE, LADY A. SCOTT, LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE.



LEAGUE OF NATIONS DELEGATES AT GENEVA: (L. TO R.) SIGNOR SCIALOJA (ITALY), M. VANDERVELDE (BELGIUM), DR. LUTHER (GERMANY), M. BRIAND (FRANCE), AND HERR STRESEMANN (GERMANY).

The Army beat the Navy in their "Rugger" match at Twickenham, on March 6, by 24 points to 10.—Sir George Hopwood Hume is M.P. (Unionist) for Greenwich, and a member of the Institution of Electrical Engineers.—Mr. W. J. Berrill was for many years managing-director of Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., the well-known firm of exporters and shippers.—Mme. Lambrino, the former morganatic wife of Prince Carol of Rumania, has begun legal proceedings against him in Paris, where he lately took up residence, and claims damages of 10,000,000 francs (about £77,000). She was married to him at Odessa on August 31, 1918, and her son, Mircea, was born on January 8, 1920. The marriage was annulled, and Prince Carol married Princess Helen of Greece, whom he has since left on renouncing his rights of succession.—Colonel E. M. House, whose recently published "Intimate

Papers" have aroused so much discussion and controversy, both here and in America, was born in Texas in 1858. He became the friend and confidential adviser of President Wilson, whom he represented on diplomatic missions in Europe before, during, and after the war.—The Rt. Rev. Owen T. L. Crossley, who was knocked down by a motor-van near Olympia on March 3, and died that night in hospital, was Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, from 1911 to 1913.—The wedding of Lady Margaret Scott, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Lieut.-Commander Geoffrey Hawkins, D.S.C., Naval A.D.C. to the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa, took place last month in St. George's Cathedral, Cape Town.—Formal meetings of the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations began at Geneva on March 8.





# To Buyers of 1926 Cars

The 1926 models are on the road. Some present important changes in engine design, others are identical or almost identical with last year's productions.

Change in design may mean new lubrication needs which, if properly determined and supplied, will protect your car and add to the pleasure you will get from driving it.

The Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., has studied every new car specification, and the abridged chart on the right gives Correct Lubrication advice as determined by Automotive lubrication specialists.

## To Owners of New Models

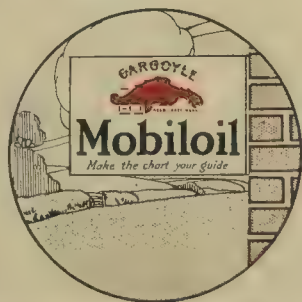
Take particular care of lubrication for the first 1000 miles.

For the first 500 miles, drive slowly—not over 20 miles per hour on top gear, and 12 miles per hour on second gear.

Lubricate every moving part thoroughly and correctly.

If you start and continue with the correct grades of Mobiloil for your engine, gear box and back axle, you will be assured of securing maximum efficiency with the minimum of repairs.

If your car is not shown in the abridged chart on the right, send for a post-free copy of our booklet—"Correct Lubrication"—which deals thoroughly with the whole subject of lubrication, and includes a complete chart of Mobiloil recommendations.



This sign identifies the dealer who wants you to have the BEST in lubrication.

## Chart of Recommendations

(ABRIDGED EDITION)

## MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below

**How to Read the Chart.**  
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic  
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.C., 4-Cyl. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
A.C., 6-Cyl. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Alvis . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddley . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Arrol-Johnston . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 11.9 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 12 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Bean, 14 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	BB	A	—	—
Bentley . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Buick . . . . .	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc	BB	Arc
Calcott, 12/24 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Calcott (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Chevrolet . . . . .	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler Four . . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chrysler Six . . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Citroen, 7.5 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Citroen (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Clyno . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Crawley, 14 h.p. & 18/50 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Crawley (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler, 12 h.p. . . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Daimler, 16 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A
Daimler (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Fiat, 7 h.p. (Model 509) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Fiat (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford . . . . .	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Galloway . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
H.E. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hotchkiss . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber, 8 h.p. & 9/20 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Humber (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lagonda . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Tinkappa) . . . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Lancia (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Morris-Cowley . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p. . . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Morris-Oxford (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Napier . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Overland, 13.9 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Peugeot, 11 & 12/20 h.p. . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot, Sleeve Valve Models . . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Peugeot (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Renault, 8.3 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Renault (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p. . . . .	—	—	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Rover, 9/20 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Rover (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	BB	A	BB	A
Salmon . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Singer . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 11 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Standard, 14 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star, 14/40 h.p., 20/50 h.p. & 20/60 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Star (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Sunbeam, 30/90 h.p. . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Sunbeam (All Other Models) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Swift . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Talbot, 18/55 h.p. . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot-Darracq, 16 h.p. & 8 Cyl. (All Other Models) . . . . .	—	—	—	—	—	—	BB	A
Unac . . . . .	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Vauxhall, 14/40 h.p. . . . .	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p. & 25/70 h.p. . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vulcan, 12 h.p. (Side Valve) . . . . .	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
Vulcan (All Other Models) . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolseley . . . . .	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

### GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE

Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

### REMEMBER:

Ask for Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a quart of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Mobiloil "A" or Mobiloil "BB," or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

### BRANCH OFFICES:

Belfast Glasgow  
Birmingham Hull  
Bradford Liverpool  
Bristol Manchester  
Cardiff Newcastle-  
Dublin on-Tyne  
Dundee Sheffield



*"Fine! And  
they NEVER  
VARY!"*



# CRAVEN "A"

The Cork Tipped Cigarette of this Generation

*Made  
Specially  
to Prevent  
Sore  
Throats*



*by Carreras Ltd  
138 Years'  
Reputation  
for Quality.  
50's & 100's now  
in Metal Boxes*



# THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THERE have been and there are several women Masters of Hounds, but there has never been one so young as the new M.F.H. of the Hertfordshire, Miss Angela Beit, elder of the two daughters of Sir Otto and Lady Beit, and a very good and fearless cross-country rider. She was, if I remember rightly, presented last year, and during the season was at many dances, and missed few steeplechases, which she prefers to flat races, although she attended the smartest meetings. Miss Beit has ridden with the Hertfordshire since she was a child, and knows the country, and also a great deal about the working of hounds. She will have a very capable Fieldmaster in the Earl of Cavan, who, now that he has retired from the Army, will have more time to devote to sport. Miss Beit has an American mother. Lady Beit was Miss Lilian Carter of New Orleans, and has one surviving son and two daughters. Sir Otto and Lady Beit have the big corner house at the end of Halkin Street in Belgrave Square, and also Tewin Water, their charming place near Welwyn, Herts. They are by no means keen on publicity, being quiet people and doing much good in an unostentatious way. The new M.F.H. is on the Riviera, where she is playing tennis and watching championship games. The Hertfordshire have got a girl for the Mastership who is a thoroughly sporting girl at that. She is sure, also, to be well mounted, for Sir Otto is a very wealthy man, and grudges her nothing in the way of first-rate hunters.



THE NEW M.F.H. OF THE HERTFORDSHIRE: MISS ANGELA BEIT.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

Some of our smartest American visitors will be with us rather later than usual this year, because they are looking forward to the visit to America of the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, who go for the honouring of Ericsson, a Swedish scientist and inventor. Whatever Americans may think of royalty, it is their hospitable way to fête royal visitors. The Crown Princess, as a great granddaughter of Queen Victoria (the last volume of whose "Life and Letters" is now being discussed everywhere), will be of special interest to them. The Crown Prince is a much-travelled man, and is a favourite wherever he goes. His first wife, elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught, left him a family of four boys and two girls. The eldest boy, the Duke of Uppland, will be twenty in June, and Princess Ingrid will be sixteen on the 28th of this month. The Crown Princess has paid two visits to England since her marriage, and her mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, has visited her in Sweden. There has not been a Princess of the English Royal Family in America since Princess Marie Louise travelled there some years ago. Queen Victoria's granddaughter, the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, has visited the States and been



TO VISIT AMERICA WITH HER HUSBAND: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.

Photograph by F. A. Swaine.

greatly fêted there. The Crown Princess of Sweden's only sister, Princess Andrew of Greece, has four daughters, and one son, the latter only five years old. The two elder Princesses, Margaret and Theodora, spent last season here, and were greatly liked. They are tennis-playing, dancing, nice-looking girls, unaffected and jolly. The Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden are sure to enjoy their trip to New York, and will probably see more of America. The King of Sweden is playing tennis on the French Riviera. He is a very good player and loves the game, which he believes does much to keep him fit.

The Hon. Mrs. Harold Nicolson has arrived safely at Teheran, and joined her husband there in good time for the coronation of the new Shah. Mr. Harold Nicolson, Lord and Lady Carnock's youngest son, a Counsellor in the Diplomatic Service, is at present in the British Legation in Persia. He is very brilliant, and much is expected of him. Mrs. Nicolson is the daughter and only child of Lord and Lady Sackville. She, too, is brilliantly clever, and has written several successful books, as her husband has also done. It was not possible for her to travel to Teheran by the usual and shortest route; she had to make a long round over mountainous country for many days by motor-car, and did so all alone save for native servants. Doubtless so literary a lady will make use of her experiences for public benefit. She has two sons, the elder will be twelve in August.



A DISTINGUISHED WRITER: THE HON. MRS. HAROLD NICOLSON.

Photograph by E. O. Hoppé.

An interesting débutante this season will be Miss Doria Lois Pelham-Clinton-Hope, elder of the two daughters of Lord Francis Hope, only brother of the Duke of Newcastle. Miss Pelham-Clinton-Hope's mother, who was a native of Melbourne, daughter of the late Mr. George Horatio Thompson, died in 1912. She is called after her aunt, Princess Doria Pamphily, Duchess of Avigliano, who died in 1919. Lady Beatrice Lister-Kaye is also her aunt, and Frances Lois Lister-Kaye Viscountess de Vesci, is one of her cousins. She was married in the church in Clumber Park, first to the late Earl of Rosse—then Lord Oxmantown. Two years after his death she married Viscount de Vesci. The present Lord Rosse is her son, and he will be twenty this year. Lord Francis Hope at one time owned Deepdene, near Dorking. Afterwards, the late Lily Duchess of Marlborough (Lady William Beresford) lived there; now it is a hotel. Lord Francis also owned the Hope diamond, a celebrated blue stone of great size. He had for some time rather a hectic career, but settled down to a quiet life, and his son and two daughters have been a great interest to the Duke of Newcastle. His son, Mr. Henry Edward Hugh Pelham-Clinton-Hope, will be nineteen in April. He will, in course of time, be Duke of Newcastle.

The many friends of Lady Stanley were very sorry to hear of the accident which befell her at the covert side when out with the Whaddon Chase. She was kicked by a horse between her shoulders. The beast must have been a high-kicker to plant one there. It was very painful, but happily not serious. Lady Londesborough sustained a fracture

of the leg some years ago in much the same way. Lady Stanley is one of the five daughters of the Hon. Lady Meux, sometimes called the "Cadogan Square," albeit there is one over the *partie carrée*. The others are Lady Blandford, Lady Hillingdon, Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, and Mrs. John Gilmour. All are sportswomen, and all well known and great favourites. Lady Stanley was, up to her marriage to Lord Derby's eldest son, Maid-of-Honour to the Queen. She has two sons—one nearly eight.



VICTIM OF A HUNTING ACCIDENT: LADY STANLEY.

Photograph by Angus Faith.

Mark Twain's advice not to prophesy unless you know is sound. Nevertheless, there are many announcements, apparently authoritative, as to what we may expect. One is a State visit from King Fuad of Egypt; another a State visit from the King and Queen of the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. These are picturesque rulers, and the latter Queen is a great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. These statements, however, have no official authority. The King and Queen of Spain will no doubt pay a private visit to London, which their Majesties often do. At present Queen Victoria Eugénie and the Infantas have an interesting visitor in Lady Iris Mountbatten, only child of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, a dainty, pretty, and engaging little lady recently entered on her seventh year. The Infanta Beatrice of Spain is, according to Spanish ideas, a woman. She will be seventeen in June. With her sister, the Infanta Maria, she has visited this country and spent some weeks each time. Both Princesses speak English, and are handsome girls, fond of tennis, riding, and dancing.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF PRINCESS ALICE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE: LADY MAY CAMBRIDGE

Photograph by Speaight, Ltd.

Princess Alice Countess of Athlone will be home for part of the coming summer, and will be accompanied by Lady May Cambridge, now in her twenty-first year. Princess Alice was to have been home last year, but was prevented by the seamen's strike. The Earl of Athlone has done two years of the term of five as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa. His son, Viscount Trematon, will be nineteen in August. Lord Athlone is always a favourite wherever he goes, and is so in South Africa. He is the Queen's younger brother, and has always been a great favourite with her Majesty. Being seven years older and his only sister, the Queen began to mother him at a very early age. His genial, kindly nature and love of his family made him most attractive, and his mother, the late Princess Mary, was devoted to him. Lady May Cambridge is the constant companion of her father and mother. She is a thoroughly competent horsewoman, and plays tennis and dances with zest and grace. She had a democratic education, attending a large Kensington school, where she was a day girl, and a great favourite with all her school-mates. A. E. L.



TO RETURN HOME FOR PART OF THE SUMMER: PRINCESS ALICE COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

Photograph by Speaight, Ltd.



# Fashions & Fancies



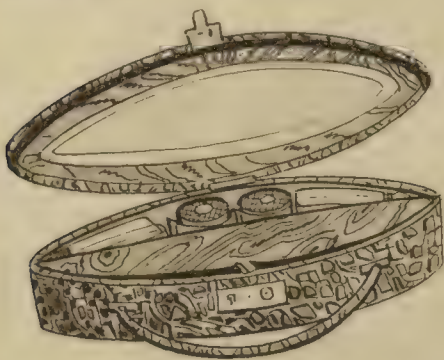
A trim little motoring hat of unspottable felt, completed with a gay feather mount. It may be seen at Robert Heath's, Knightsbridge, S.W.

## Modes for the Road.

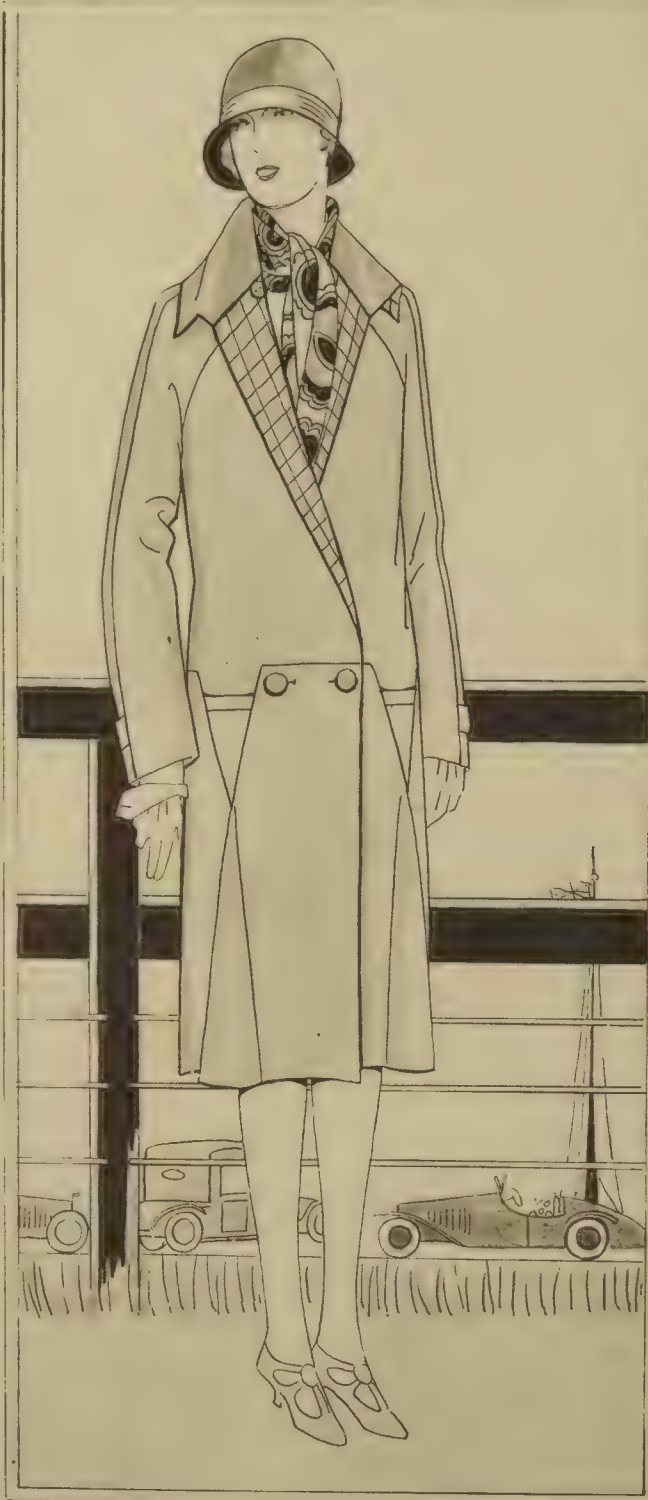
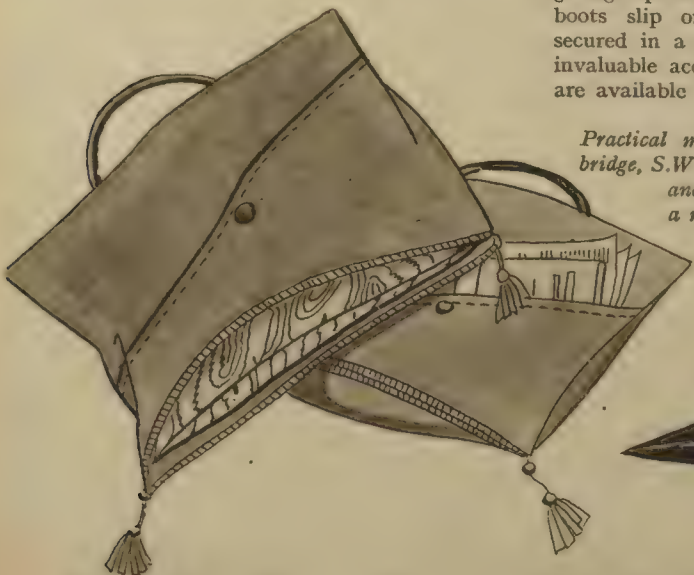
The first hint of spring is in the air, and the roads are one long procession of cars of every size. In these days nearly everyone possesses "something on wheels," and motoring is almost becoming a national sport. Consequently, motor coats are practical affairs of tweed or leather, cut with fulness across the knees to allow a comfortable control of accelerator and clutch, while the short coat is replaced by warmly lined waistcoats with high collars. Leather is, of course, always serviceable, and there are new fleece-lined tweeds which will appeal to everyone in search of a really light wrap which is warm and trim.

## Reversible Motoring Coats.

A special feature of practical motoring coats which are reversible is being made by the well-known sports outfitters, Burberry's, in the Haymarket, S.W., this season. The one pictured on this page is carried out in red leather, specially treated to render it soft and supple, reversed with tweed over-checked in the same shade. The model here introduces godets at the knees, but it is also obtainable with inverted pleats. Each is designed to give extra fulness and comfort when driving. Another attractive model is carried out in cloth, plain one side and checked the other, showing box-pleats when it is worn one way, and inverted ones the other.



A lizard-skin motoring case from Harrods, in the new oval design, complete with all fittings



Ideal for motoring is this reversible coat of red leather and tweed in harmonising checks. It is built by Burberry in the Haymarket, S.W.

## The New "Glastonbury" Overshoe for Driving.

So many women drive their own cars that the problem of how to keep warm in an open car when rugs and foot-muffs are not possible, and yet dispense with woollen stockings and thick shoes, is an important one. It has been solved by the new Glastonbury motor overshoes, which are pictured on the right and were sketched at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. They are built of sheep-skin lined with soft fleecy wool, and the specially waterproofed covering of box-cloth gives additional protection in wet weather. The soles are of light crepe rubber, waterproof and flexible, giving a perfect non-slip grip on the controls of the car. The boots slip on easily over thin stockings and shoes, and are secured in a second by the Kynoch lightning fastener. These invaluable accessories are obtainable for 45s. and 52s. 6d., and are available for men as well as for women.

Practical motoring accessories from Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. On the left is a suede cushion containing another for travelling, and on the right a rug of blue facecloth and goat-skin.



Another of the famous Robert Heath sports felts which wind and rain will not damage. It is neatly bound and trimmed with petersham ribbon.

## Rugs, Cushions, and Cases.

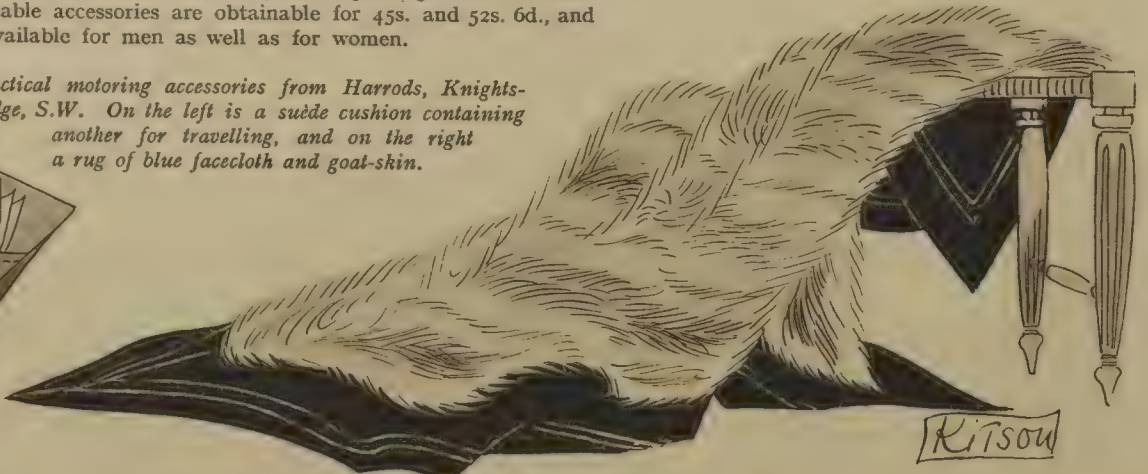
There is nothing more delightful than an open car on a sunny spring day, provided that it is made comfortable with rugs and cushions. Sketched below is a patent cushion, from Harrods, of suede completed with an outer book pocket, while one side opens completely with a lightning fastener, revealing another cushion inside of moiré, for travelling purposes. Round suede cushions in many bright colours can be obtained for 23s. 6d., and rugs of imitation chinchilla (cleverly disguised plush) are to be had at £5 15s. 6d. Fur-lined rugs range from five guineas. The latest innovation is the oval-shaped case of grey lizard-skin on the left, completed with engine-turned silver-gilt fittings and lined with moiré silk.

## Felt Hats That Defy Wind and Rain.

For small motoring hats that the weather will not harm, the well-known felts of Robert Heath, Knightsbridge, S.W., are ideal. They are available in new shapes and colourings, two of the latest models being sketched on this page. They range from 29s. 6d. upwards, and will roll up into a minute space for pocket or case without suffering any damage. Small berets of unspottable velvet are also trim and practical, and this firm are making a speciality of them. The "Gigolo" is a delightful "pull-on" felt with the fashionable folded crown and brim turned down in front. It costs 29s. 6d.



The "Glastonbury" overshoe, which gives warmth and comfort while driving. Sketched at Harrods.



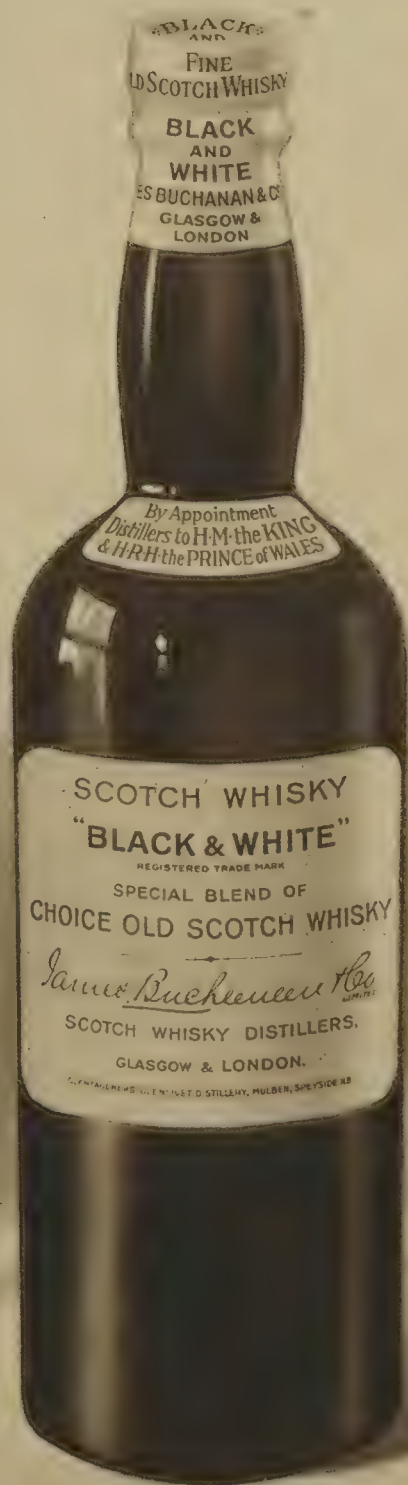
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## THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE BLOOD EAGLE, AND OTHER MYSTERY TALES. By P. H. EMERSON. (Melrose; 7s. 6d.)

Sudden death is the theme of these stories—sudden death in its effects in particular upon the mind of the murderer. In nearly every story there is a victim struck down by a passionate blow. P. H.

Emerson is not greatly concerned with leading the reader along to discover who did it: what he demonstrates is the motive behind the murder. This is what makes "The Blood Eagle," in spite of a certain literary inexpertness, a noteworthy book. There is thought in it. There is also a fine feeling for landscape and atmosphere. One story, at least, is a moving sermon on the mental effect of alcohol on a susceptible subject. It was Maudsley, we think, who pointed out that a drunken man goes through the recognisable phases of madness. Mr. Emerson preaches from that text in "The Herring Bus Tragedy." "The Sausage Maker" is quietly horrible; all the more so because it is staged in the sunshine

sky, and the picturesque figure of old Joe the shepherd. People should be reading "The Blood Eagle."

SIREN. By C. KAY SCOTT. (Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.)

"Siren" is a slow-motion picture in words. That is to say, C. Kay Scott reproduces the flow of thoughts through the mind, good, bad, and indifferent, for-



CLOSED AS A PROTEST AGAINST RECENT TAXATION: THE CAFÉ DE LA PAIX, IN PARIS, DESERTED DURING THE TWO HOURS' SHOP-STRIKE.

On the afternoon of March 3 most of the Paris shops and cafés, except large general stores and tobacconists, were closed between 2 and 4 p.m. as a protest against the new taxes. Their grievances were—retrospective taxation, new regulations regarding leases, and fiscal inequality as between shop



A NOVEL FORM OF AIRING GRIEVANCES ABOUT TAXES: PARIS SHOPS ON THE BOULEVARDS PUT UP THEIR SHUTTERS FOR TWO HOURS.

owners and farmers. Cartoons illustrating these grievances were displayed in many windows. All along the Grands Boulevards café chairs and tables were deserted, and Parisians and visitors had to forgo their coffee and liqueurs. Similar demonstrations have occurred in other large towns in France.

Photographs by Topical and C.N.

Emerson is not greatly concerned with leading the reader along to discover who did it: what he demonstrates is the motive behind the murder. This is what makes "The Blood Eagle," in spite of a certain literary inexpertness, a noteworthy book. There is thought in it. There is also a fine feeling for land-

and the blue shadows of Havana. It recalls an old German story—at least we met a German one like it long ago—but its sub-tropical clothes suit its ghastliness very well. As for the dead man who sat in "cadaveric spasm" on the Downs, he is admirably contrasted with the browsing sheep, and the peaceful turf and

getting that thought processes are far more rapid than reading from the printed page. The reader is stupefied, not stimulated, by his concatenation of words. Take the reflections of Fred, the little boy who grows up as the action develops. "... his place is found, do something to justify Belle's

[Continued overleaf.]

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'DUNBAR' (at left).

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*Continued.*

influence on his life, he is an anarchist with a Fabian sense of—of—anything is good enough! His pessimism finds fruit, bitter, stinging editorials! economic determinism, material domination, slumbering multitudes, minotaurs, men's blood and women's flesh, capitalism, what Beowulf will slay this Grendel? love of comrades, baptised in Toil's diaconate, uplift the crawling race chained to evil . . . " and so on. As for Belle Harris, the prisoner of sex, restraint, which is not to be found in "Siren," is the first essential when dealing with her story. She is not a new subject to the novelist, and most of us have some knowledge of her problem. Mr. Scott throws no new light upon her: he makes dark places a little darker and muddier, that is all.

**A MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE.** By CHARLES KINGSTON. (Stanley Paul; 7s. 6d.)

A murder story by a compiler of criminal tales retold naturally raises expectations. But "A Miscarriage of Justice" is disappointing. Charles Kingston has yet to prove that he can write good fiction. The characters are wooden, and the general effect is amateurish. It is only possible to be mildly interested in, and mildly sorry for, the ex-convict who has unfortunately been caught burgling a house where the owner is lying dead from foul play. The convict is sob-stuff material, a worthy fellow, created to be restored in due course to the bosom of a sentimental family. A more lurid light is thrown upon the aristocratic young man who first appears as a starving tramp and dissolves after a chapter or two into the conventional bad baronet. His eyes are too small, or too close together, and he is marked for the villain. This is tiresome; because mystery about the murder might have redeemed the story, and mystery, thanks to the characters' labels, there is none. The best that can be said for "A Miscarriage of Justice" is that the trial would appear to be conscientiously correct in detail; and that none of the stock properties of a detective romance is missing.

**THE SHINING RIVER.** By F. CAREY SLATER. (Longmans; 7s. 6d.)

F. Carey Slater is eager that we should know and understand South Africa, the land of his affection.

He upbraids us—gently, but still, it is upbraiding—for knowing nothing of its border history. "Thousands of Englishmen," he says, "will remember 1920 as the year in which Miss Mary Pickford visited their hospitable shores; will a score remember it as the hundredth year since certain of their elder kinsmen landed upon the shores of a wild and savage land?" To which we can only reply that, if South Africa wants us to remember dates, it should make it its business to be featured on the films. But Mr. Slade can be forgiven for his little outburst when he gets on to the story of Jim, the British bush child, and his adventures in search of "di'muns" for his mother. The farm, and the bush, and "the bright eyes of danger" are Jim's world, and they are faithfully drawn. His story does not move so fast that there is not time for the camp-fire yarns of his companions. Oral tradition, we recall, plays no small part in a primitive country; and oral tradition still lingers on in lands where men sleep out under the stars, and travel leisurely together for convenience and safety. "The Shining River" is really not nearly big enough for all Mr. Slater feels and knows, and tries to get into it; but it succeeds in revealing to us how and why South Africa commands his devotion.

**DUSK OF DAY.** By CATHERINE CLARK. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

It is not without reason that nobody reads "The Gadfly" or "Misunderstood" now. This is a novel of the same kind, overweighted with the description of a boy's suffering. There is excellent stuff in the lighter chapters; but the catalogue of Sir Richard's cruelties to his elder son, Peter, makes very uncomfortable reading. The psychology is quite good, though it is difficult to believe that a sensitive boy could survive such an upbringing without permanent nervous injury. Catherine Clark's girls are charming, and she draws a neat little sketch of the eternal schemer in Miss Johnson, the elderly governess with matrimonial designs upon Sir Richard. On the whole, "Dusk of Day" is a novel above the average; but the author's work would have been sure of a heartier welcome if she had dealt with a less harrowing subject.

**UNACCOUNTABLE ANN.** By DOUGLAS WALSH (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

This is a book where the nice characters are all merry and bright, and the nasty characters irredeemably snobbish and silly. You know where you are at once. Douglas Walshe makes no secret of his appreciation of the charms of Ann and Bill, and of his profound contempt for Aunt Marion and Isobel. Ann came from America, and was not so unaccountable as the title suggests, but just the child of a true Bohemian. She brought her slang and her free, fearless ways into a British circle, where she captivated the men and aroused the furious jealousies of the women. So the story starts, and it goes rollicking on, showing Ann snubbed, Ann defiant, Ann courted, and Ann triumphant. Ann may be overdrawn and highly coloured, but we have all come across her in streaks and flashes here and there in our humdrum lives. The people in "Unaccountable Ann" are not exactly real people, but they are decked out in vivid scraps of reality that we are delighted to recognise. They are an entertaining party.

**THE KIDNAPPING SYNDICATE.** By CHRISTOPHER B. BOOTH. (Skeffington; 7s. 6d.)

If the evening you have given over to reading goes like a flash; if you let your cigar go out and forget to put coal on the fire, then the story is one to commend to your mystery-loving friends. "The Kidnapping Syndicate" develops its thrills early and keeps them going to the end. The action takes place in the underworld of the United States, where all things are possible to the professional crook. In America (we take Christopher B. Booth's word for it) convicts are immured two in a cell, conveniently for the arrangement of their post-prison activities. Penman Pallister the forger and Twisty the burglar sat side by side on Twisty's bunk and made a compact of partnership, which was duly fulfilled when they were let loose again on society. Their plans were well laid, and the Kidnapping Syndicate, strictly limited, was born. They were an awkward pair to tackle; and a hypodermic syringe (as the jacket exhibits) made things exceedingly difficult for their victims. We enjoyed the hectic complications of "The Kidnapping Syndicate."



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# The Cultivation of Tobacco

No. 2



**E**ARLY in May the seedlings are planted in rows. It is estimated that 5,000 seedlings can be planted to the acre.

The tender young plants are in great danger from parasites—bugs is the term used in America—and only by constant attention is it possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES



Regd. No. 154011.

No. 5



**T**HE Tobacco Harvest commences at the end of July, when the plants are harvested and threaded on long poles.

Mule carts are used to convey these poles to the curing barns.

The average crop is about 700 lbs. to the acre, but only a small percentage of this will ultimately produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES

No. 1



### Removing Tobacco

The seed is sown in February and March in beds or frames, the soil of which has been subjected to great heat to kill any weeds or insects.

These beds are protected from the frost, and in six or eight weeks' time the young plants are about six inches high and are ready to be transferred to the tobacco fields. Without this special preparation it would be impossible to produce the Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf used in the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES

No. 4



**T**HE British Farmer knows when to cut his corn by the gradual change of colour. There is no such indication where Tobacco is concerned.

The leaf must be fully grown or it is useless; on the other hand it must be gathered while it is still green or it will be blotchy.

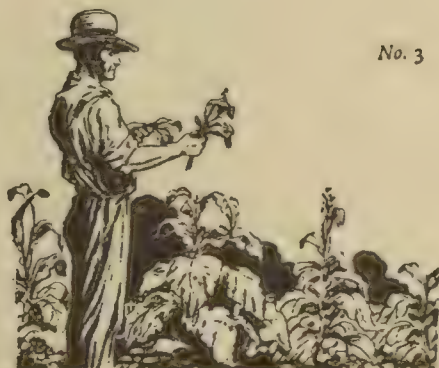
It therefore requires great judgment on the part of the Tobacco Grower to know when the plant is just in that condition to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf used in the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES

No. 3



### "Topping Tobacco"

When the Tobacco Plant is fully grown, and just before the ripening process commences, the tops are cut off to prevent the plant from flowering and running to seed.

By this process the leaves which remain get all the nourishment, and so it is possible to produce the Rich, Ripe Virginia Leaf which goes to the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES

No. 6



**T**HE leaf is taken straight from the fields to the Curing Barns where it is subjected to great heat up to 220° Fahr. This is to turn the Leaf to that golden brown colour with which we here are most familiar.

It is then sorted into grades according to its colour, size and "body," and the best grades of this Rich, Ripe, Virginia Leaf are used in the making of

## PLAYER'S

Navy Cut

TOBACCO &amp; CIGARETTES

*It must be Players*



## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION." AT THE STRAND.

MORE than thirty years old, and until recently banned by the Censorship, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" is interesting as a curiosity, interesting as the sort of play that Mr. Bernard Shaw wrote in the days when he repressed his imagination in the theatre and trusted wholly to bleak intellectual power, when Blue Books served him as a sort of new Gospel, and the only use he had for the drama was to make it a vehicle to shock conventionality. Yes, it is interesting still from that point of view, but it is also deplorably inhuman. Mrs. Warren herself, who earns her livelihood by such infamous means, and her companion sinners are scarcely even types, but rather specimens cut open by a surgeon's ruthless knife—cancerous growths, as it were, of the body politic exhibited to shame it into revolt; and the unpleasantness of the spectacle they afford is not lessened by the chuckles of the surgeon over his job. Vivie, the new young woman of a generation ago, has not a drop of warm blood in her veins, and is almost more repellent than her mother. There are scenes that are forcible in this old thesis piece, but it is nothing more nor less than a dramatic pamphlet that was barely worth exhuming from the lumber-room. Mr. A. Bourchier, Miss Edyth Goodall, Mr. Fisher White, and Miss Agatha Kentish are all good in their parts; it is not their fault that we prefer Shaw of the nineteen-twenties to Shaw of the Beardsley era.

## "THE WIDOW'S CRUISE." AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Miss Joan Temple has a sense of comedy that may help her some day to pull off success in the playhouse; but, though she may in the future offer us acceptable drama, she has not done so as yet. There are many improbabilities and absurdities in her first effort, "The Widow's



## THE BONN STATUE UNVEILED.

A memorial to members of the University of Bonn was recently unveiled in the quadrangle. The student corps attended the ceremony in full uniform, with banners, and after the unveiling an address was delivered by the Chaplain of the University.

Photographs by Keystone.




A GERMAN UNIVERSITY WAR MEMORIAL: BONN STUDENTS IN THEIR ORNATE CORPS UNIFORMS MARCHING TO THEIR PLACES FOR THE UNVEILING CEREMONY.

Cruise"; while the portrait she supplies of a supposed up-to-date flapper is altogether past belief. Miss Joan Maude has to play the part of this little hussy, and does her best to humanise it. If hers is a hard task, no more easy is that of Miss Laura Cowie as a heroine who, happy in a second marriage, comes face to face with a poet husband who she thought had died after deserting her, and now, as the result of the war, is afflicted with forgetfulness of his identity. Mr. Aubrey Smith is cast for the character of the heroine's second husband, a kindly soldier, and repeats an old performance with as much skill as ever; Mr. Nicholas Hannen, as the poet, has to suggest that a skunk of a man can be fascinating, and contrives to do so; and Miss Cowie looks extremely picturesque, and expends thought and feeling on a rôle far below her merits.

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Should we have been more impressed with "Le Miroir Juif" if we had not seen first M. Balieff's "Chauve Souris" show? Whatever may be the answer, it is a fact that the Russians came first, and that, where the Jewish composite of songs, dances, and folk scenes resembles the Balieff entertainment, it seems to fall a little below the Russian in finish and refinement. Still, it has two capital principals in Reine and Wladimeroff, who score in their Dutch dance; it provides a spirited turn in its Jewish wedding episode; a laughable farce dealing with kitchen courtship; and as interesting a feature as any is the singing of an old Jewish lament.



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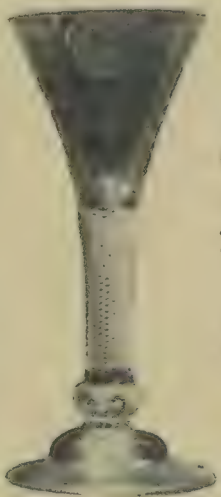
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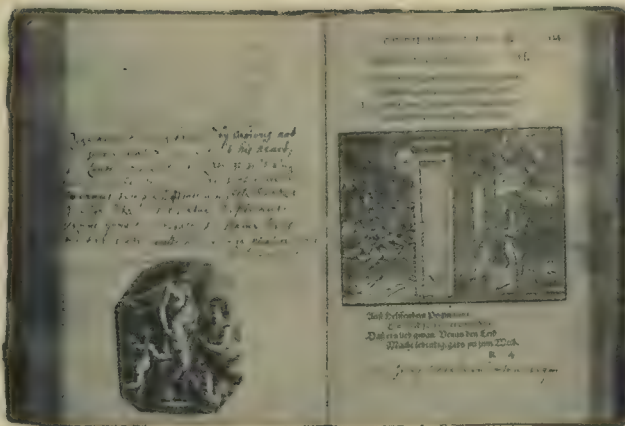
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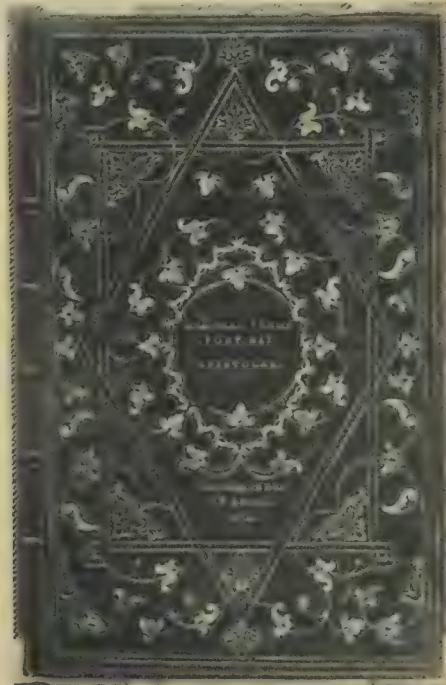
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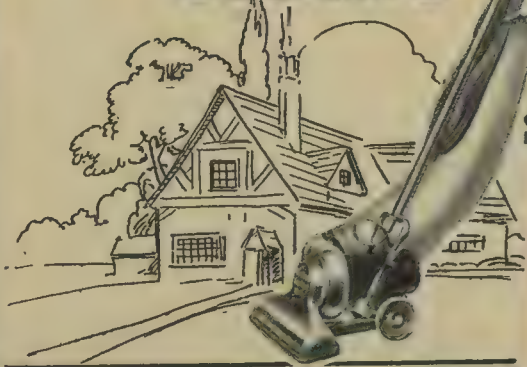
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## RADIO NOTES.

**L**ISTENERS with valve sets supplied with current from an accumulator, who may find as time goes on that the battery needs recharging more frequently than it did during the first few months of use, should examine the accumulator in a good light to see whether a sediment has become deposited beneath the plates at the bottom of the cells. If a sediment is there, it shows that paste has dropped from the plates, and in course of time the sediment becomes so thick that it causes slight short-circuiting of the plates. If the damage has not gone too far, it may be possible for an electrician to wash out the sediment, but even so, the accumulator will never be efficient, owing to the loss of the composition from the plates. In these circumstances it will be found more economical in the long run if a new accumulator is obtained.

The report of the Broadcasting Committee (appointed to advise on broadcasting after the B.B.C.'s license expires on Dec. 31 next) was issued a few days ago, and one of the chief recommendations is that the broadcasting service should be conducted by a public corporation known as the British Broadcasting Commission. The corporation should hold the license of the Postmaster-General for not less than ten years. It is recommended that the corporation consist of not more than seven or less than five commissioners, all nominated by the Crown, the first commissioners to hold office for five years. The

commissioners should be men and women of judgment and independence, free from commitments, with business acumen and experienced in affairs. All existing contracts and the staff of the British Broadcasting Company, Ltd., should be taken over by the new Commission.

The present fee of 10s. for a receiving license should be maintained, except in the case of blind people, who should be granted licenses free of charge. The first charge on the revenue from license fees should be the expenditure incurred by the Postmaster-General in connection with the broadcasting service, and any surplus should be retained by the State.

The Committee think that the claims of those listeners who desire a larger proportion of educational matter, though relatively few in number, should be met, if possible. A solution of the question might be found in the allocation of a special wave-length for a special subject. Every effort should be made to raise the standard of style and performance in every phase of broadcasting, and particularly in music.

The latest experiment in regard to listening to broadcasts whilst travelling by train was carried out last week on the Cornish Riviera express, which runs 237 miles non-stop between Paddington and Plymouth. A Burndept seven-valve super-heterodyne receiver, with small frame aerials for use with low or high wave-length stations as desired, was installed in the train, and actuated twenty pairs of headphones, in addition to loud speakers. During the

journey to Plymouth, reception was spoiled by noises caused by the dynamos which are driven by the train wheels below the coach in which the receiver was situated. This trouble was remedied at Plymouth before starting on the return journey at 4.10 p.m. When the train was in Plymouth Station, items from the local broadcasting station, 5 PY, were received clearly and at good strength. Soon after leaving Plymouth, the higher wave frame aerial was put into use to receive Daventry—5 XX—which came in splendidly on the loud-speaker. The interesting fact was discovered that when the frame aerial was pointed towards a transmitting station situated directly ahead or behind the train lines, then interference resulted from those dynamos below the more distant coaches of the train, consequently the frame aerial had to be turned with its plane facing the broadcasting station, thus reversing the usual procedure.

When hills intervened between the train and Daventry, it was found that some hills caused considerable fading effects, whilst others presented no obstacle to reception. The solution may be that those hills which caused fading are rich in mineral deposits, thus creating a magnetic influence, which is detrimental to the passage of radio waves. Whilst going through tunnels, reception faded out in the centre of the tunnel, but suddenly became strong again a few yards before the tunnel's exit was reached. During the course of the journey to London, music was received from many broadcasting stations, including Radio Paris, San Sebastian, and Rome.

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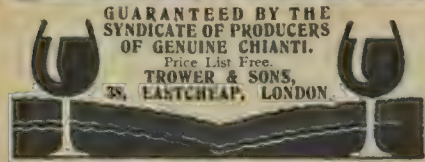
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## Through the Gateway to Spring.



THREADING "THE BISHOP'S EYE": A FAMOUS GATEWAY TO THE EPISCOPAL PALACE AT WELLS.

"The Bishop's Eye" is the popular name of the archway leading from the market-place at Wells into the grounds of the moated episcopal palace. This "right goodly gatehouse," as an old writer calls it, was built in the fifteenth century by

Bishop Beckington, whose tomb may be seen in the cathedral at the entrance to the choir. The drawing forms an appropriate "gateway" to our Spring Motoring Supplement.—[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, CHESLEY BONESTELL. COPYRIGHTED.]



# THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

## THE PERFECTION OF THE MODERN CAR.

### The Motor-Car of To-Day.

At this time of the year the thoughts of numberless folk turn to the motor-car and the open road. Thousands there are who are contemplating the purchase of their first car, and it may be that some have a lurking doubt of their capacity for dealing with the troubles and ills to which they believe the car is heir. To them it may be useful if I address a word of advice and encouragement, and if I tell them out of hand that they need fear nothing, and that, having the money and the inclination to buy

not trouble him that there must be some means of heating the water and conveying it to the bath-side. He knows more or less vaguely that something happens between the kitchen fire and his bath, but as the installation, whatever it may be, never gives him any trouble, he simply takes it all as read. Almost equally so does he take his motoring. He fills his tank, puts a sufficiency of oil in the motor, sees that the water level in the radiator is correct, presses the starter button, and betakes himself to the road. Almost literally, there is no more in it than this.

And the car goes, and keeps on going, year in and year out, without giving him the slightest trouble. Of course, there are certain minor matters which require attention, such as the batteries, which need "topping-up" occasionally, and the tyres, which have to be kept at the correct pressure. Also there are certain troublesome, messy things called greasers which have to be attended to from time to time; but these details do not take away from the correctness of the general proposition I have laid down.

### The Future.

It is easy to see from the trend of development that, small as the trouble is which the modern motor-car entails to keep in good order, the task of the owner-driver will be rendered even simpler than it is. I cannot see how the general design of the car is to be bettered to any extent. Indeed, until some genius comes along and gives us a new prime mover in place of the present internal-combustion motor, I do not think there is

any need to try to improve materially on present-day practice. We have already motors of small dimensions which give phenomenal power outputs—outputs so high that it is difficult to see how improvement is to happen except by the use of the super-charger. There are some who believe that the super-charger will in time become an integral part of the design of the future car. I do not share that view to its full extent. I am quite willing to believe that it may find its uses on cars of high cost and class, but that it will ever be a feature of the car for the man of moderate means I do not think. I need not go fully into the technical reasons for this belief. The main point I have in mind is that, where we add complications to design, I think they can be such as will advantage us more in other directions than we can obtain through empirical efforts to increase power and road speed.

I have spoken of added complications. Let us see what some of these are likely to be, and what we shall possibly get out of them. To consider first of all the question of the oiling of the chassis. Hitherto we have been content with the old-time system of greasers at numberless points of the car. It is true that considerable improvements have been made, and that greasing is not at all the tedious and messy job it was in the days when we had laboriously to unscrew thirty or more greasers, and fill each at least twice so as to be sure the lubricant got down to the place it was wanted. Thanks to the very efficient grease-gun systems, such as the Tecalemit, which have been evolved for our benefit, we can get round the whole car in half an hour with very little trouble. But even that is not the ideal system. I know of no British cars yet on which the "one-shot" system of lubrication has been brought into use, but in America they are now producing a few cars in which there is installed a single oil-pump which feeds lubricant to every part of the chassis requiring it. All you have to do is to give a couple of strokes with the plunger, and, presto! your car is greased for the next two hundred miles! Some such system as this is bound to come, and it needs no pointing out that it will make the upkeep of our cars much easier and more convenient even than it is now.

Another detail in which America is showing a lead just now is in the use of air-cleaners in front of the carburetter. We know that most of the wear which

takes place in the engine is due to the presence of road dust and grit sucked in through the carburetter. It has long been the aim of designers to prevent this intake of dust, but the devices evolved have been clumsy, expensive, and in the way. We are now getting these things down to practical shape, and there is at least one very well-known car—and a favourite over here—the Chrysler, in which there is such an air-cleaner, and, though I have no first-hand experience of it, I understand it works very well. There is actually a device of the kind being sold here for fitting to existing cars, and I am arranging to have one fitted to my own car so that I can see how it works and whether it actually constitutes the improvement its makers claim. Now, if we take only these two additions to the car, I think they are very well worth while and better value for the money than the



ON THE YORKSHIRE MOORS: A 15.9-H.P. HOTCHKISS WITH WEYMAN SALOON BODY.

a car, they can go straightway out and acquire it with the fullest confidence that it will not betray them. I wonder if people generally, even those of us who are supposed to know something about cars and their development, realise what an enormous improvement has taken place in the reliability and general dependability, so to say, of the motor-car since the war. For many years the demand of the motoring public has been for what, in the absence of a better term, has been called the "fool-proof" car. I can remember that this was being asked for fifteen years ago, and it is



ON THE RIVIERA: MR. LEIGHTON CRAWFORD, THE LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER, WITH AN AUSTIN "SEVEN" ON THE CROISSETTE AT CANNES.

equally within my recollection that those who were best qualified to pass an opinion thought it was asking for the impossible. Yet it is exactly what we have got to-day, so great have been the strides made in design, construction, metallurgy, and in the increased reliability of the many details which go to make up the complete entity which we call the motor-car.

It is almost true to say that the present-day motorist uses his car as he does his bath. In the case of the latter he just turns on the water and takes the bath at the temperature he wants. It does



ON THE ROAD IN SURREY: A NEW 10-23-H.P. TALBOT SALOON OUTSIDE THE ABBOT'S HOSPITAL AT GUILDFORD.

supercharger in so far as the car for the average person is concerned. The first reduces trouble in upkeep, as I have pointed out. The second should do the same, because it will postpone the evil day of the complete engine overhaul. Again, we know that the carbon which accumulates on pistons and combustion heads is mainly composed of road dust; so, if we can keep the latter out, we practically eliminate the troublesome job of decarbonisation—one which everybody but the enthusiast simply hates.



A NEW FILM ACTRESS AND HER CAR: SENORITA DOLORES DEL RIO WITH HER BIG CADILLAC.

In Mexico City, of all places, a cinema star has been discovered. Dolores del Rio, who is a social leader in that city, was discovered by the well-known producer, Edwin Carewe, and induced to enter film work. Her first picture, "Joanna," will, before long, be released in this country. Señorita del Rio is the little lady shown in front of the big Cadillac, which is her latest acquisition since arriving in Filmland.

### Reliable Details.

If we take our minds back over the past fifteen years, I think we can conclude that the actual motor and transmission have not greatly improved in the quality of reliability. The engine of 1914 did not make a

(Continued overleaf.)





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Built of proved material by skilled craftsmen, all-British Rover Cars offer perfection in detail and utter reliability. There are two types: 9/20 h.p. from £185, and 14/45 h.p. from £550. Full particulars with pleasure.

**THE ROVER COMPANY, Ltd., COVENTRY.**



*Continued.*

habit of breaking down like its predecessor of 1904. Neither did the transmission. You could take your journeys abroad without having the ever-present fear that some key was going to shear or a shaft

confess that it has never occurred to me to lumber up the car with such things. I cannot remember when last I had an electrical breakdown. Certainly it has not been within the past five years. Indeed,

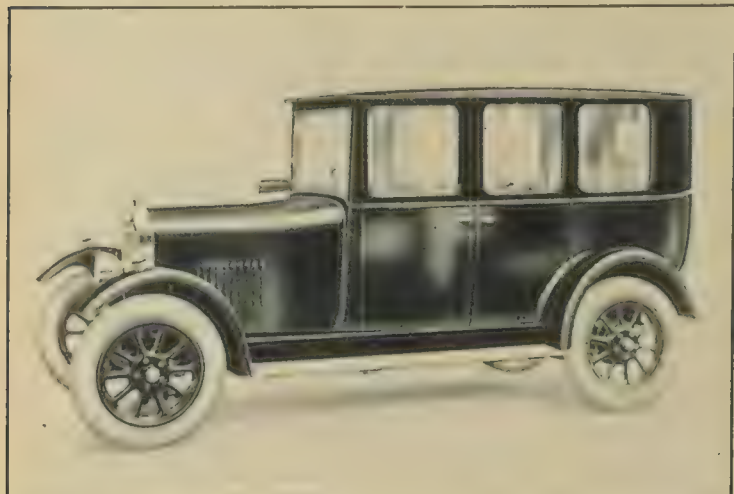
so little trouble have I had with my recent cars that I am afraid I am not careful enough in the matter of carrying spares. A couple of fuses for the lighting system comprises the full range of my spare parts at the moment, together, of course, with a set of lamp bulbs. I am afraid I must plead guilty not even to possessing a single ignition spare, so seldom have I had to trouble myself about such matters. It is wrong, I know, but I claim that it does point the moral of the reliability of the modern motor-car. If one starts with a set made by people who know their job, such as the Rotax people—well, really, spares are very comfortable things to have about the car, but they are very seldom required, given average attention to upkeep.

So it is with every other part of the car's equipment. To-day, if you start right, there is not the least need to worry about whether you are going to get to your journey's end. You can not only be sure about it, but you can schedule your movements with the accuracy of a railway time-table. As a matter of fact, I think I am paying too high a compliment to certain railways in bracketing them with the motor-car in respect to time-keeping. I do know this, that when I motor to my office, I can tell to within a couple of minutes when I shall get there. If, on the other hand, I go by train, I do not know within ten.

I think that, within the limits of the space at my disposal, I have been able to make the point that the prospective purchaser of a car who has any lingering doubt of his ability to cope with his new possession, supposing he does make up his mind, need have no single qualm. Let him take my advice, and go out and get his car without another day's delay. Every day he loses is a day's pleasure lost.

#### The Question of Cost.

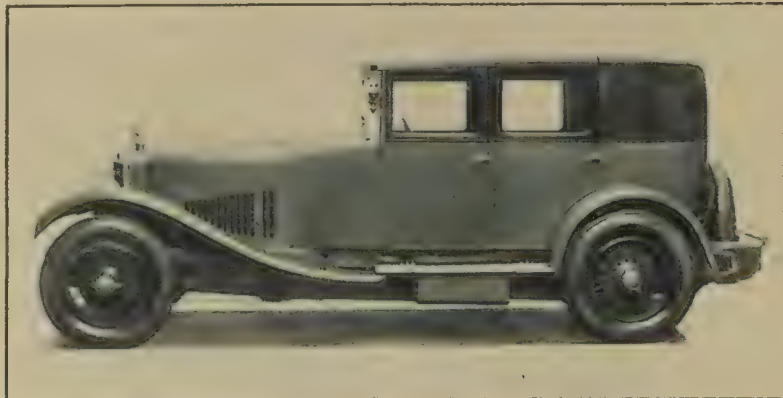
One question upon which I have not touched is the ever-recurring one of whether or not car prices will come down in the immediate future. My answer to that is that they will not. I should have thought that the question was more or less dead, but I find it is still being put, and that every week I am asked for my opinion as to whether I think this or that about the matter. You can already buy much more motor-car for a pound sterling than you could before the war. I am not talking about relative values, based on the Board of Trade index of living, or any nonsense of that sort. What I do mean is you can buy a much better, much more reliable, much more



THE WOLSELEY 11-22 H.P. SALOON DE LUXE: A CAR OF QUALITY.

break short off in its bearing. Where the improvement has taken place is in immensely greater power output for a given cylinder dimension, much better balance, and consequently far smoother running. Transmission details have been improved out of knowledge, so that to-day it is almost true to say that there is no such thing as a noisy axle. Spiral gears have done away with noise from rear axles. Similarly, improved machine tools and advances in metallurgy have given us far quieter gear-boxes, and our cars make little more noise on their indirect gears than they do on direct.

Where the greatest improvement has taken place is in the accessory details of the car. Take the electrical installation as a case in point. Before the war this, where it existed at all, was crude and undependable. If you had electric light, and were a wise motorist, you always carried a set of oil lamps in case of a breakdown. Who thinks this necessary to-day? I do happen to know a few ultra-cautious folk who actually carry a couple of oil lamps as spares, but I



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This car was supplied to Mr. F. W. Stiles, Managing Director of Alfa-Romeo British Sales, Ltd., 54, Baker Street, W.1.

fully equipped car for two hundred pounds sterling to-day than you could for two hundred and fifty pounds sterling in 1914. Indeed, I suppose the motor-

*(Continued overleaf.)*

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Torpedo de Luxe on 17.9 h.p. Serie chassis **£645**

Saloon Limousine on 17.9 h.p. Serie chassis **£810**

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A 17.9 h.p. Renault looks what it is—the outcome of 28 years' specialization in making high grade cars. The promise of its refined and distinctive appearance is fulfilled by design which is years ahead of the majority, and by a most exceptional road performance.

Owing to the Renault system of shock-absorbers combined with oblique cantilever springing, all the passengers ride in perfect comfort. In the Renault no one suffers the indignity of being flung about, even at speed. The engine, having power in excess of any likely requirements, works with reticent ease.

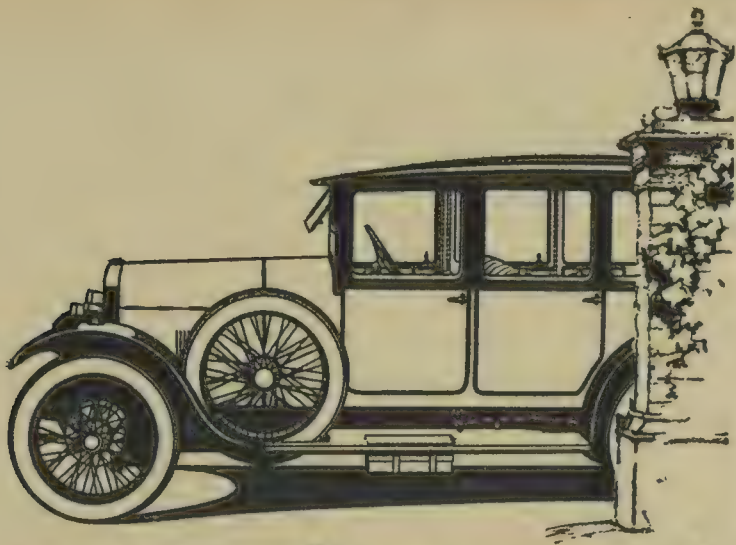
The four-wheel brakes act swiftly, and are safe. The harmonious lines of the Renault bonnet and concealed radiator lend themselves perfectly to the coachbuilder's art.

That the 17.9 h.p. is dependable and long-lived goes without saying—for it is a Renault.

RENAULT Ltd., Showrooms: 21, PALL MALL, S.W.1. Head Office and Works: 20, SEAGRAVE ROAD, WEST BROMPTON, S.W.6.

# BUILT TO LAST A LIFETIME





## An outstanding example of Sunbeam quality—

### 14/40 H.P.

Four-Cylinder Model

Chassis Price - £495

Touring Car - £625

IN no other medium-size car can you obtain such a unique combination of high efficiency, attractive appearance and absolute reliability as in the 14/40 h.p. Sunbeam. It is an outstanding example amongst all cars of its size.

### 20/60 H.P.

Six-Cylinder Model

Chassis Price - £795

Touring Car - £950

The overhead valve, super-efficient engine, reliable four-wheel brakes, light and effortless steering, cantilever rear springs, coachwork designed and built by master craftsmen, and finish of unexcelled quality are all features of the larger Sunbeam models. And these same features are embodied to the full in the 14/40 h.p. four-cylinder model, which sells at £495 as a chassis, £625 as a completely equipped five-seater Touring Car, and £795 coach-built Saloon.

### 3-litre

Six-Cylinder Model

Chassis Price - £950

Four-seater - £1125

There is no other car of its size which will give you the same satisfaction as you will derive from buying a 14/40 h.p. Sunbeam. Let us arrange a trial run for you and prove what Sunbeam supremacy really means.

### 30/90 H.P.

Eight-Cylinder Model

Short W. Base } £1050  
chassis ..

Long W. Base } £1250  
chassis ..

The Supreme Car

# SUNBEAM

Dunlop Cord Tyres are fitted to all Models.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,  
Moorfield Works - - - WOLVERHAMPTON

London Showrooms & Export Department:

12, PRINCES STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.1  
Manchester Showrooms: 106, DEANS GATE.



## HORSE POWER

TWELVE—the chosen horse-power of the Alvis—Britain's Best light car. Seven-horse, eight-horse, nine-horse, ten-horse are splendid little fellows. They do what is expected of them sturdily—some of them—but it would be futile to ask them to do *everything*. Forty-horse is magnificently opulent and can do more than you are likely ever to need in this smooth and cultivated country of ours. But twelve is neither too much nor too little, it is the happy medium. Then, with the Alvis, what a power this "twelve-horse" means! An Alvis 12 h.p. car develops 50 h.p. on the brake. You can load it and overload it, and away it will sing, laughing at your puny conceptions of a burden. The Alvis has been made to do it, and *will* do it without fail. Why be content with the makeshift, or spend the fortunes of the opulent when you can purchase the power of an Alvis at half the price? Power with beauty, speed with grace. May we send you a copy of the beautifully illustrated catalogue descriptive of all models?

THE ALVIS CAR & ENGINEERING CO., LTD.,  
COVENTRY. London Distributors: Henlys,  
Ltd., 91 and 155, Gt. Portland Street, W.1.  
Dunlop Tyres are fitted to all ALVIS Cars.



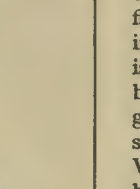


**The Motorist  
and the Roads.** There is one side of motoring in which I think it is a great pity the motorist does not manifest a more direct and personal interest. I mean that side which is covered by what must be called the politics

There is one side of motoring in which I think it is a great pity the motorist does not manifest a personal interest. I mean that side by what must be called the politics



of automobilism. I do not mean that side which is concerned with races and trials and is legislated for by the R.A.C., but the one which is mainly concerned with the motorist himself as an individual—



LONG-SIDDELEY  
R OF 1901.

AND THE PROTECTION OF THE PUBLIC PURSE.  
H. C. CAMPBELL, M. P.

TO LIVERPOOL IN A DAY

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, Morning at a quarter before Six o'clock.

BEETHAMERSON'S GENERAL COACH OFFICE,  
Angel, & Saracen's Head Inns, Liverpool, at 6 o'Clock.

PERFORMED BY JOHNSON, MORRIS, & CO.

### Rate of Fares:

<i>Inside</i> , from Hereford to Liverpool,	30s.	formerly	43s.
<i>Outside</i> , " " " " " " " "	20s.	"	30s.
<i>Inside</i> , from Hereford to Shrewsbury,	13s.	"	22s.
<i>Outside</i> , " " " " " " " "	10s.	"	15s.

The Proprietors hope this will be an inducement to Public Patrons, and assure them they will not

W. H. VALL, PRINTER, 62, HIGH TOWN, NEWBORN

Times change, and the "new patent safety coach 'Protector'" of 1801, the last word in luxury at that time, would form a strange contrast to the Armstrong-Siddeley car, if the two vehicles could be placed side by side.

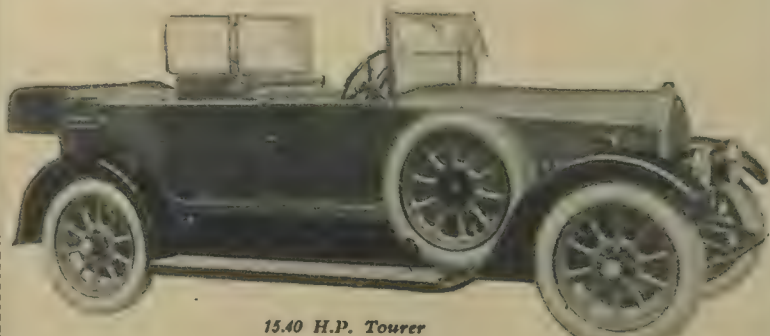
a case which I submit we should be quite justified in putting in this form. That, however, by the way. Would the Government take the threat seriously? Not for a moment, for it is as well known to Whitehall as it is to the A.A. that not three thousand of its members would back up the threat. That may be

[Continued overleaf.

# Humber

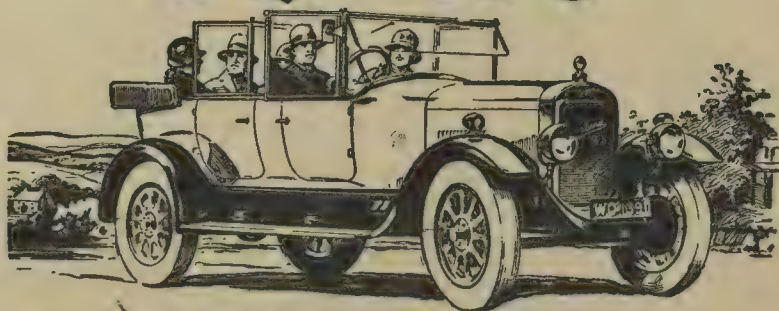
**LONDON :**

**Repair Works & Service Depot: Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6**



15.40 H.P. Touger

**Overland**  
**13-9**



Four-door Saloon, £340. **£245** 18.2 h.p. Landaulette, £295.

With front-wheel brakes.

**Willys Overland Crossley, Ltd., Works, Sales and Export Dept., Heaton Chapel, Stockport. London Showroom: 151/153, Great Portland Street, W.1. London Service Depot: 111, Lots Road, King's Road, Chelsea.**



### Choose the best within your reach

AN examination of the Bean Chassis will reveal its clean design, accessibility of vital parts and exceptionally sturdy construction. It will stand the closest scrutiny—in fact, the more you study the Bean the more you will be impressed by its value. Choosing the Bean means choosing the best.

#### 1926 Prices

The "Twelve"	The "Fourteen."
Two-Seater £298	Three-Seater £395
Four-Seater £298	Five-Seater £395
Saloon - £375	Saloon - £450

Subject to Tyre surcharge.  
Dunlop Tyres standard.



## BEAN CARS

A. HARPER SONS & BEAN, LTD., DUDLEY, WORCESTERSHIRE.

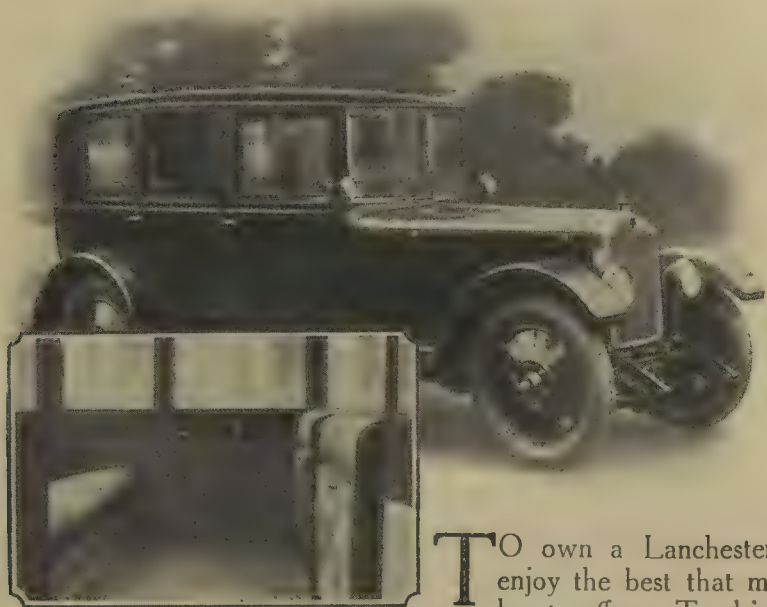
LONDON: 11a, Regent Street, S.W.1.

MANCHESTER: Wood Street, off Deansgate.

AUSTRALIAN DEPOT: 517-519, Little Collins Street, Melbourne.

### Pre-eminent among the World's Finest Cars

#### The 21 H.P. 6-Cylinder Lanchester.



The Car illustrated is a most dignified and luxurious Enclosed Drive Limousine, with ample seating accommodation for six. We shall be pleased to send photographs and specifications on demand.

Dunlop Tyres Standard.

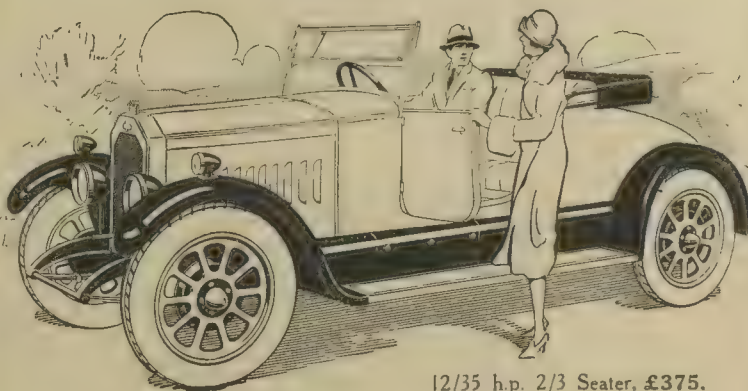
The LANCHESTER MOTOR CO., LTD  
Armourer Mills, 88, Deansgate, 95, New Bond St.  
Birmingham, Manchester. London, W.

# Lanchester Cars

Let a British Car reflect your Pride of Ownership

TO own a Lanchester is to enjoy the best that motoring has to offer. To drive it or ride in it is to enter a new sphere of motoring. To experience the ease and simplicity of control, the outstanding suspension system, and the amazing flexibility and acceleration of the powerful 6-cylinder engine, endorses the knowledge that nothing better is obtainable.

### "Over the Hills and Far Away"



12/35 h.p. 2/3 Seater, £375.

## SWIFT

ALL BRITISH CARS

offer you Pace, Acceleration and Supreme Comfort at the lowest cost per mile, and with the assurance of complete freedom from incidental troubles. By choosing a Swift you will end all your motoring regrets and obtain efficient and dependable service always.

10 h.p. Models from .. .. £235

12/35 h.p. Models from .. .. £375

Ask for Illustrated Art Catalogue and name of nearest Agent.

Manufacturers:

SWIFT OF COVENTRY, LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms, Repair and Service Depot:

134-5, Long Acre, W.C.2 (one minute from Leicester Square Tube Station).



(Continued.)

an extreme case, but the same moral applies to anything you like: the motorist-member will not stand behind his organisation, and in such case it is obvious



WITH CHARLESWORTH COACH-WORK: A NEW 16-55-H.P. DAIMLER TWO-SEATER; AND ITS OWNER, MRS. GLADYS RENTON.

The coach-work is by Charlesworth, Ltd., of Coventry, and was supplied through Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., the Daimler Special Agents in Pall Mall.

the latter can do just precisely nothing except by way of protest and appeal.

That is why we hear so much abuse of the organisations. The militant minority, which conceivably would act in support of any fair and just demands, fails to appreciate why these bodies can do nothing, and affects to believe that it is due to weakness at headquarters. Nothing of the kind. The fault lies with the body politic of motoring itself. Let us look

for a moment at the present campaign for the preservation of the Road Fund. We have protested, but the Chancellor simply went his way. Presently into the arena came all sorts of local authorities who want money from the Fund, and in face of their activities Mr. Churchill becomes a cooing dove. I don't know whether the Fund will be saved from the threatened raid or not, but if it is it will not be because of the opposition of the motorist. Yet he is the one most intimately interested. He not only uses the roads, but he finds the money for the Fund. Yet his is the last voice to be listened to—because he can only protest, and it is known he will not act. Cannot anything be done to assist our organisations to become more effectively militant?

#### Better Road Reasons.

Those responsible for the roads of the country—the County Councils Association, for instance—hold strongly that, substantial as has been the recent increase in the Road Fund revenue, the increase in the cost of highway administration has been even bigger. They are unable at present, they maintain, to keep pace with the growing demands on the roads made by modern motor traffic, and, if the amount available is reduced, road deterioration is inevitable.

Here are some of the figures on which they base their case: Of the 152,736 miles of roads in England and Wales, only 12.3 per cent. are classified as first-class and only 7.4 per cent. as second-class. In the case of fourteen representative counties examined by the County Councils Association, the county surveyors consider that 22 per cent. of their second-class roads should be transferred to class one, and that 31 per cent. of their unclassified roads should be classified—brought, that is, under the scope of the Road Fund. And, whether these figures are accepted or not, it remains the fact that the recent increase of traffic demands an increase of classification. No

such increase can be made unless the Road Fund is increased.

In sixteen counties less than half the existing classified main roads are fit to carry modern traffic, and of the remainder nearly four-fifths require reconstruction, and half require widening and diversion. These works are both urgent and necessary if the roads are to be saved from serious deterioration. How are they to be carried out without a growing road fund? In ten counties only 7 per cent. of the unclassified roads are equal to the traffic burdens put upon them, and 89 per cent. of the remainder require reconstruction. The entire burden of this work falls at present on the ratepayer.

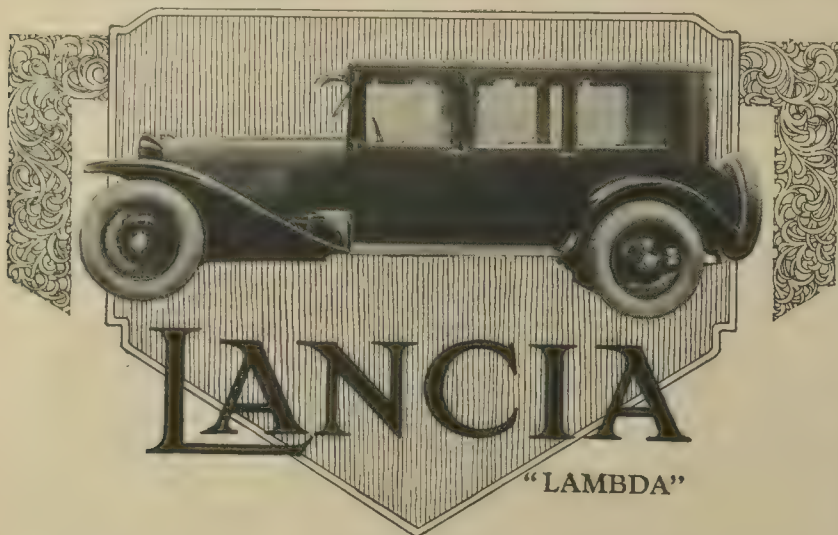
One could go on to point out that, in seventeen counties examined, 740 bridges required reconstruction; that roads all over the country require to be widened to bring them within the general policy laid down by the Ministry of Transport. But enough has been said to show the urgency and scope of the problem. And this point has to be



PASSING THE PICTURESQUE OLD MARKET HALL AT ALCESTER:  
A 20-60-H.P. SUNBEAM.

borne in mind all the time—every increase in the Road Fund is a measure of the growth of motor traffic throughout the country.

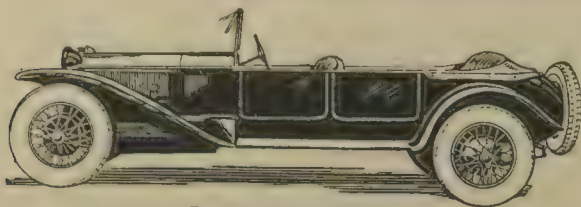
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"The Best Medium Powered Car in the World."

The real charms of the Lancia Lambda are not to be discovered on ordinary main roads, the only features there to be appreciated being the speed and the springing. When the car is taken into narrow, winding, hilly country lanes, the driver at once discovers the marvellous suspension, the ease of steering, the powerful braking of the 14 h.p. engine, both on top and on lower gears.

G. C. Stead, in the "Sunday Times," March 7th.



De Luxe Torpedo Model.

Sole Concessionnaires:

CURTIS AUTOMOBILE CO., LTD., 18, Berkeley Street, London, W.1

Telegrams: Curlanath, Piccy, London.

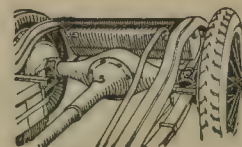
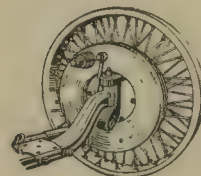
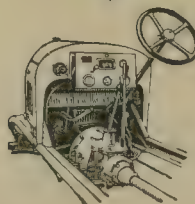
Telephone: Mayfair 7050.



## HOTCHKISS CARS

Easy Speed, Speedy Ease.

Get a Grip of the Details.



ENGINE—4-cylinder, overhead valves. Bore 80 mm., stroke 120 mm. Tax £16. Lubrication, pressure feed by submerged (gear type) pump.

BRAKES ON ALL FOUR WHEELS.

—Operated either by foot or hand.

BACK AXLE—Banjo type, with crown wheel and pinion of special silico-manganese steel, having spirally cut teeth.

#### PRICES:

15'9 H.P. Chassis	-	£395
4/5 Seater (French Body)	-	£520
4/5 Seater (English Body)	-	£570
4/5 Seater (4-door Weymann Saloon)	-	£595

Fully illustrated catalogue, giving all details and prices, post free on request.

Sole British Concessionaires:

**LONDON & PARISIAN MOTOR CO. LTD.**

87, Davies Street, London, W.1

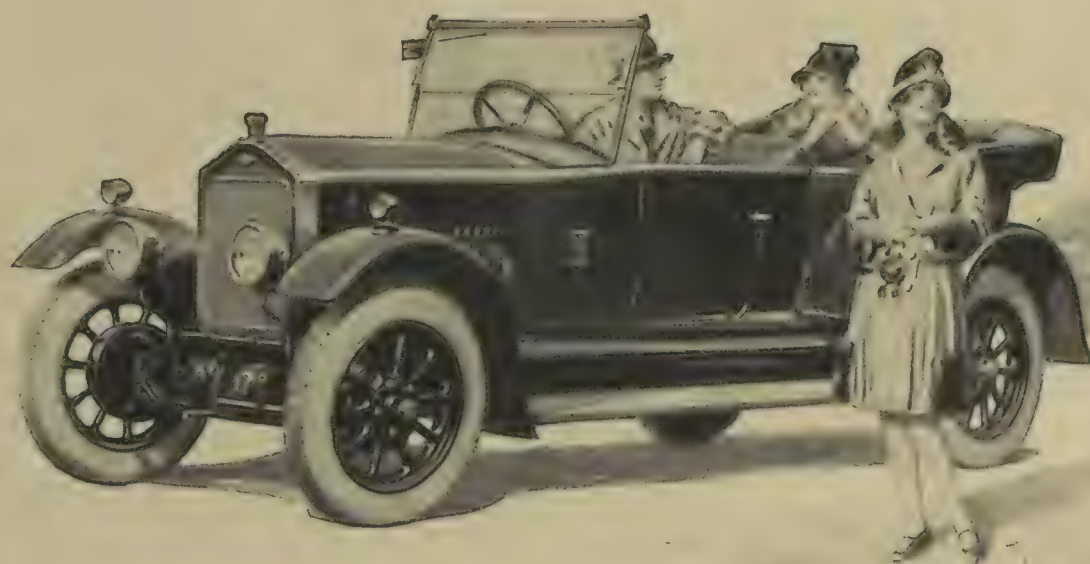
'Phone: Mayfair 4224/4225.

'Gram: Corelio, London.

SERVICE DEPOT: Newcastle Place, Edgware Road, London, W.2



*“Thoroughbred, both in appearance  
and performance.”*



IN every respect the Wolseley 16/35 h.p. is a real “thoroughbred.” Descended from a long line of famous models, it inherits all their good qualities, with its own special virtues superadded. It is very fast and powerful, and a splendid hill-climber. At £485 it represents the best value ever offered in a high-grade British car.

# Wolseley

16/35 H.P.  
TOURING CAR  
Price **£485**

Fitted with four - speed gearbox, single-plate clutch, and Four - Wheel Brakes. The body is very smart and roomy, and finely upholstered in English leather. The seating is specially designed for comfort, the front seats being sliding and adjustable. The all-weather equipment is specially efficient, and the curtains are arranged to open with all four doors. The equipment is very comprehensive.

WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD.,  
Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.

London Showrooms: Wolseley House,  
157, Piccadilly, W.1

Indian Depots:  
Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi.

*Catalogues sent with pleasure.*

*Your local dealer will be pleased  
to arrange a trial run for you.*

**Prices:**

16/35 h.p. Tourer	- - -	£485
16/35 h.p. Two-Seater	- - -	£485
16/35 h.p. Light Saloon	- - -	£515
16/35 h.p. Saloon	- - -	£650
16.35 h.p. Landulette	- - -	£675



### R.A.C. and Sunday Competitions.

As some misunderstanding seems to have arisen regarding the attitude of the R.A.C. towards the holding of Sunday competitions on the road, the Club desires to make the position clear. The R.A.C. is strongly opposed to the holding on a Sunday of any event which would be likely to attract either a large entry or big crowds of spectators, or which would tend in any other way to interfere with the observance of the Sabbath by the community in general.

At the same time, it should be realised that the term "competition" is commonly used to cover many friendly and quasi-informal runs which local clubs organise for the amusement of their members. In many instances a large proportion of such club members are working people in the widest sense of the word, whose only opportunity for enjoying the fresh air in their cars is on a Sunday. If Sunday competitions were barred without exception, these members would be, to all intents and purposes, entirely excluded from any club life on the open road. It has always been the policy of the R.A.C. to refuse to grant permits for Sunday events other than these so-called "competitions," but even such events are barred if, as has been stated before, large entries or big crowds

of spectators are likely to be attracted. The Club has no intention of extending the scope of Sunday events for which Closed Permits have been granted in the past, but, on the other hand, it has yet to be convinced that any further restrictions upon the holding of these competitions are required by the general sense of the community.

to justify the race. At the moment only two firms, with teams of three cars each, have entered, and a Grand Prix with about four starters is unthinkable. There would be no interest whatever in it, and such a travesty would be better abandoned. Of course, there is time yet for others to enter at increased fees, but the position is at present as I have stated it.

### Steel Bodies.

Not the least telling factor in the cheap production of cars in America is the use of the all-steel body, the construction of which has reached a pitch when it may almost be described as an art. The all-steel body is light, rigid, does not squeak or rattle, and, above all, is dirt cheap to make if it can be turned out in sufficient quantities to justify the heavy initial expense of the dies and presses for making the panels. British manufacturers are turning their attention to the possibilities of the all-steel method of body construction, but the trouble at the moment is that there is but one concern that I know of which produces cars in sufficient numbers to justify the necessary plant. The probable solution lies

in the manufacturers getting together and agreeing, in the case of popular cars, to standardise their length and width of body platform, so that the parts could all be turned out in one huge factory, run on a communal basis. I wonder—!

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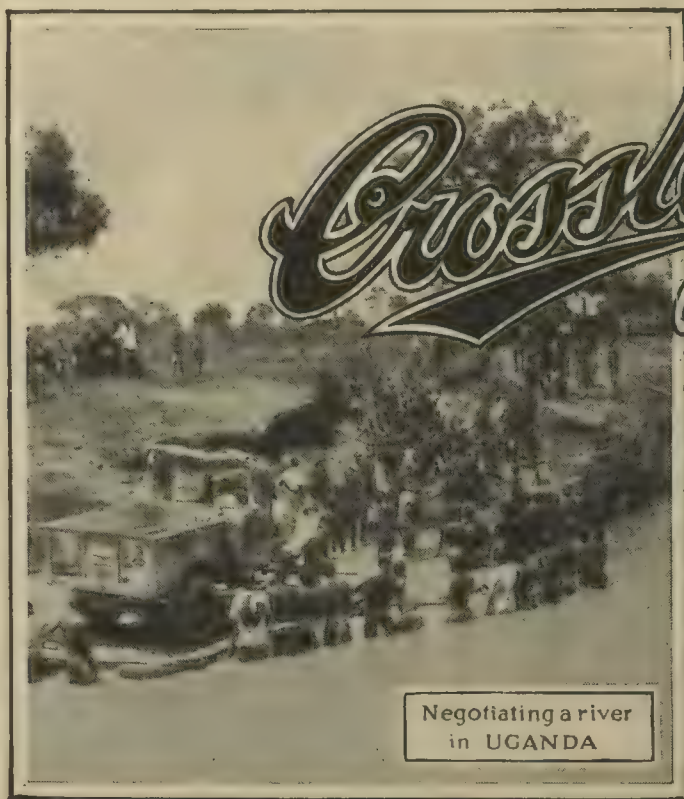


IN THE CAPITAL OF SIAM, WHERE THE NEW KING'S CORONATION RECENTLY TOOK PLACE: A 14-H.P. CROSSLEY TOURING CAR IN BANGKOK.

The Crossley car in the foreground belongs to Mr. Edwards, the agent of the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Banking Corporation. The statue on the right is the memorial to the late King Chulalongkorn, and in the left background is the Throne Hall of the King of Siam.

### The French Grand Prix.

Will there be a race for the Grand Prix this year? I am inclined to think the Automobile Club de France will have to call it off, if they can legally get out of holding it, owing to want of sufficient entries



Negotiating a river in UGANDA

# Crossley Cars

FROM  
CAPE  
TO  
CAIRO  
BY ROAD  
for the First  
time in History

The Court-Treatt  
Cape-to-Cairo Motor  
Expedition

FOR the first time in history the journey from CAPE to CAIRO has been accomplished by motor-car. Once again the apparently impossible has been achieved by CROSSLEY CARS. No other car in the world has ever completed this gigantic task.

Thirteen thousand miles through unknown country, where no roads exist, through veritable seas of mud, across rivers and over the desert. More than once the cars were completely submerged, but the journey always went on to its final triumphant conclusion.

This is the kind of service all Crossley cars

are built to give. They succeed where other cars fail.

In this Cape-to-Cairo journey they have demonstrated again their extraordinary quality, their soundness of design, and their strength.

All Crossley cars are built to one standard—the highest. Whether you are interested in the popular 14 h.p. (R.A.C. Rating 15.6), the 19.6 h.p. (the car which broke all R.A.C. Certified Trial Car Mileage Records), or the wonderful new 18/50 h.p. Crossley Six, it will pay you to ask for details of Crossley models at once.



### Points from the Journey.

From start to finish the engines required no attention.

Seven times in sixteen days the cars were dragged across rivers from 14 to 20 ft. deep. The cars were completely submerged and on one occasion one car was under 18 ft. of water for 4½ hours. Notwithstanding this terrible treatment they always proceeded on their journey.

Sections of tropical forest, roadless swamp and desert stretches constituted a large part of the route.

### CROSSLEY MODELS

14 h.p. from £395  
19.6 h.p. from £785  
18/50 h.p. "SIX" from £675

Catalogues on request.

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD.,  
MANCHESTER

London Showrooms & Export Dept.  
40-41, Conduit Street, W.1.



# THE BRITISH CAR AS A SECURITY

As value for money, British Cars are unequalled. British Cars are built to last—to give years of reliable service with low running and maintenance costs. At every stage of its career a British Car has a higher re-sale value than any other car in its class. Therefore it is a better security than any other car. Remember too that in buying a British Car you help to increase employment and so to lighten your own burden of taxation.



## Own a *British* Car

A British Car is a car made entirely in the British Isles of British materials and fitted with British-made tyres and accessories.

*British Cars for British Folk*



(Continued.)

**Skidding  
Accidents.**

Now that larger numbers of cars than ever are on the roads, and many of the butterfly type of motorist are taking their cars out of the winter's cotton-wool wrapping, it is advisable that tyres should be seen to. In spite of recent increases in tyre prices, these accessories to the car are still almost negligibly low in price, particularly when one remembers that to have the car well shod is one of the best insurances against accident. Unfortunately, economy being the order of the day, many motorists are inclined to run their tyres for many miles farther than their condition justifies. Nearly all skidding accidents, which so often result in personal injury, and in some cases in actual loss of life, are caused through the pattern of the tread being worn off, leaving the tyre with a thin layer of smooth rubber entirely valueless as a preventive of side-slip. Tyres in this condition are not capable, either, of resisting sharp obstacles encountered on the road, and the risk of punctures and bursts is therefore considerably increased, and with it the liability to serious accident. The moral is—see to your tyres.

**An Explanation.**

I have been asked by Messrs. Bentley Motors, Ltd., to give a note of explanation as to the recently announced liquidation of the company. They desire me to make it clear that this is merely a formality, rendered necessary by the fact that a new company of the same name has been formed to take over the business of Bentley Motors, Ltd., as a going concern, at the same time introducing fresh capital. The chairman of the new company is Captain Woolf Barnato, the well-known racing motorist, who, incidentally, was one of the drivers of the three-litre Bentley when it set up at Montlhéry the twenty-four-hours' world's record. This course has been rendered necessary by

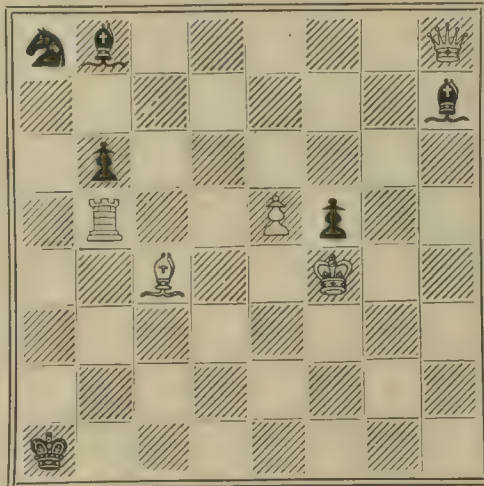
the rapid expansion of the business. Demand for the standard long-wheel-base three-litre touring car continues to increase. The introduction of modifications to the speed model, by which a much higher road speed has been obtained with enhanced smoothness and controllability, has brought further large orders for this type.

W. W.

**CHESS.**

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PROBLEM No. 3975.—By C. R. B. SUMNER.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

JULIO MOND (Seville).—Thanks for problem, which shall have our careful attention.

W J ARBAUGH (Philadelphia).—No. 3972 may be, as you say, much too simple, but we are afraid it is artful enough to lure you into a snare. The answer to 1. B to K B 7th (dis. ch) is 1. — R takes K!

J C WARRINGTON (Wyoming).—You must look at No. 3972 again. What reply is there to 1. — Kt takes B?

CLIVE C CALDWELL (Brooklyn).—Your bold attempt to provide No. 3972 with two additional solutions to the one it possesses fails in both cases. The answer to 1. Q to Q Kt 7th is R takes B (ch), and to 1. Q to K Kt 5th, Kt takes B.

HERBERT E RICKS (Mill Hill).—That it has some idea of construction is the only thing we can say about your problem. If you want a fair example of a Pawn being promoted to be a Kt on the first move, look at our No. 3966.

O H VIVEASH (Barnswood).—We are sorry your solution is not correct. Will you say what happens if Black replies 1. — B to K 2nd or B 2nd (ch)?

J E HOUSEMAN (Chicoutimi, Quebec).—It would have been wiser to withdraw the whole of the first letter while you were about it, for neither of its paragraphs was correct. As for the second, we have in charity scrapped it with its predecessor.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3973.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE

1. R to B 3rd

2. Mates accordingly.

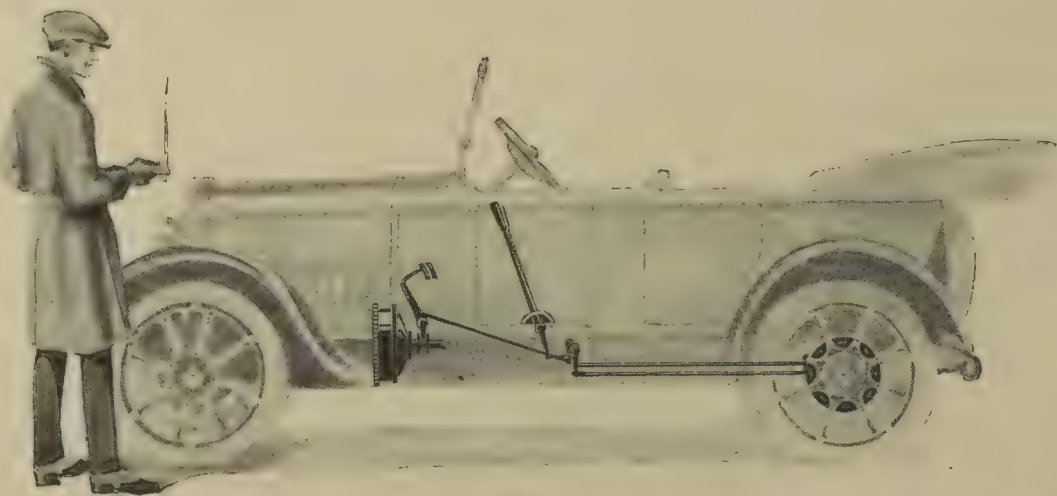
BLACK

Anything

Unfortunately, there is a second solution by 1. Q takes B, easily prevented with a Black Pawn at Q R 2nd. The extraordinary feature of this, however, is that no one has discovered the "cook," and practically the whole body of our usual solvers have given the author's key, with sundry comments on the merits of the problem. Only half-a-dozen correspondents gave Q takes B—four of them novices, and two who ought to have suspected something was wrong.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3968 received from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 3969 from R E Broughall Woods (Serenje, Northern Rhodesia); of No. 3970 from Horace E McFarland (St. Louis); of No. 3971 from C C Warrington (Wyoming); of No. 3972 from J W Smedley (Brooklyn), John Hannen (Newburgh, N.Y.), and Charles Willing (Philadelphia); and of No. 3973 from W C D Smith (Northampton), V G Walrond (Haslingden), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), Herbert E Ricks (Mill Hill), H Ward (West Kirby), R C Durell (Hendon), and Julio Mond (Seville).

CHRISTMAS NUTS—CORRECT SOLUTIONS received from R E Broughall Woods (Serenje, Rhodesia), Horace E McFarland, 4; and J W Smedley (Brooklyn), 2 additional.



## When deciding on your new CAR —let these features stand out in your mind

**BRAKES and CLUTCH . . . .** the essential factors of safe and economical motoring.

If your brakes are badly adjusted, badly lined and therefore unreliable, your confidence goes by the board, your pleasure in motoring is halved.

If your clutch slips when it should pull—grips fiercely when it should engage sweetly, you lose power or pile up needless expense.

The majority of British Car Manufacturers fit Ferodo Friction Linings as standard to their cars, because in twenty-five years nothing has been found to wear longer, grip better, and give such all-round satisfaction.

If you have not yet decided on your new car, see that the one you choose has brakes and clutch lined with Ferodo

Friction Linings. If you buy second-hand and are not sure about the linings, make sure by taking the car to a garage and having Ferodo Linings fitted.

Nothing will give you greater pleasure, greater confidence, and more power than dependable brakes and a "sweet" clutch. See the name "FERODO" on the linings you buy. It is your safeguard.

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ALL GARAGES



See the Name  
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Sole Manufacturers.  
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Depots and Agencies: London, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Bristol, Belfast, Coventry, Newcastle, Liverpool, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Carlisle and Brighton.

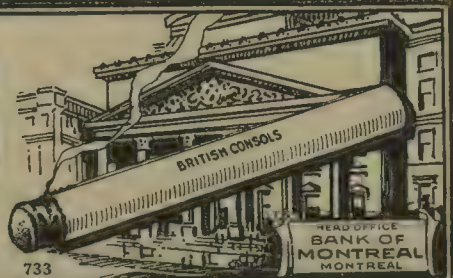


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MONTREAL, CANADA  
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# British Consols

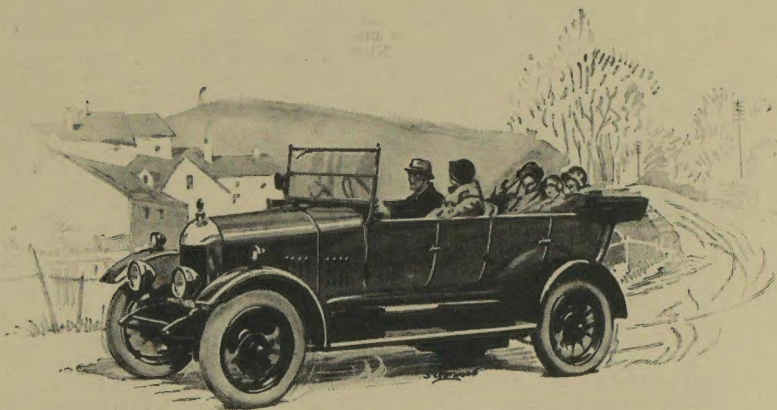
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*Car and Golf (February issue)*

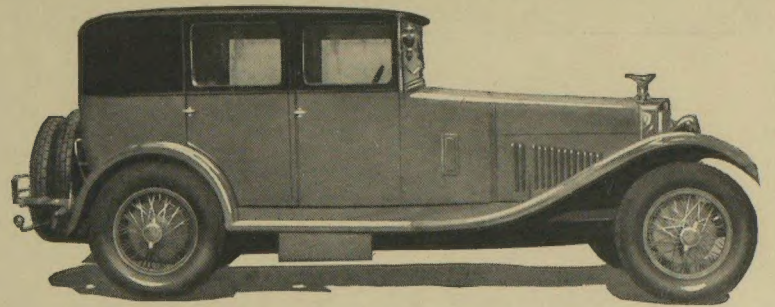
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\*Write for free Illustrated Booklet  
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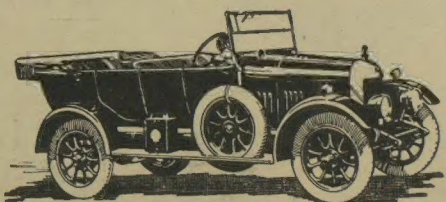
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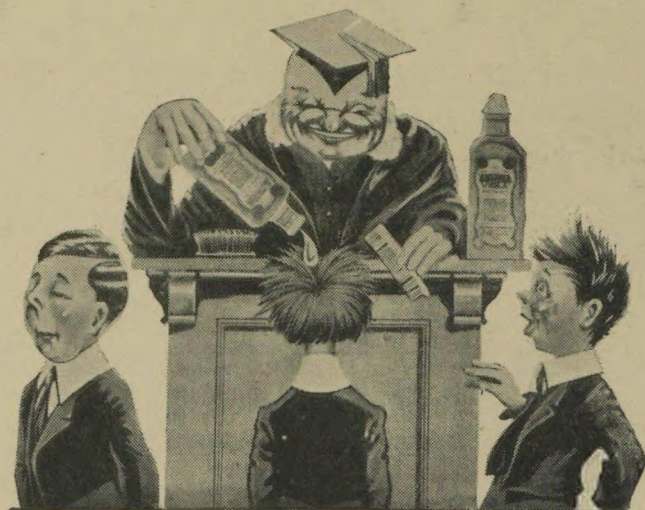
"OLIVE"

**P**OPULAR Tea Frock (for young Ladies), made in good quality crêpe-de-Chine, with the long bodice and flared skirt, finished self collar, cuffs and buttons. Bodice lined net. In a large range of colours and black.

Special Price 59/6

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SEATS are now obtainable  
for THEATRES AND ALL  
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There is no substitute to take the place of Anzora. It keeps the most unruly and troublesome head of hair in position all day no matter how strenuous your exertions. Anzora gives to the hair that smooth, well-groomed appearance; is simple to use, clean and delicately perfumed. Join the many thousands of discerning men who use Anzora regularly.

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HINDES  
HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers, 2/6 or direct:—

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**CARPET  
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FREE SAMPLE  
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A 9d. ball and a damp cloth will clean a large carpet. Sold at all Stores. 60 years' reputation. Send for Sample to-day, enclosing 2d. stamps.  
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'Safety first' on wet days means shoes soled with 'Dri-ped' leather, —Dr. CHEERYSOLES



"HERE'S a motor-car coming," continued the genial adviser; "we can hear it, see it, dodge it. Safety first is an ABC matter.

Dodging colds is on a different footing. That's right—footing. They're creepy, crawly, lurky invisible things—colds. Can't hear them coming. Can't see them. Just have to take precautions. The best way—is get on the right footing.

Sitting, standing, walking in footwear that leaks is begging for trouble. These things lower your vitality—give germs the very chance they're seeking.

Go dry-shod. That's the best way to dodge colds and attendant ills. Get into shoes soled with 'Dri-ped' leather. 17 times more waterproof than best bark tanned leather. Snug, comfortable, dry feet to the end of the wettest day.

Safety first. Look for the 'Dri-ped' purple diamond stamp on the soles."

Dri-ped Soled Footwear in all sizes for men, women, and children may be readily obtained from your footwear dealer. Your repairer can re-sole the shoes you are now wearing with Dri-ped leather.

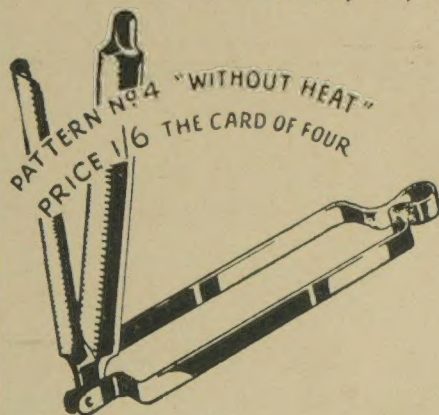
Always look for the Dri-ped purple diamond stamped every few inches on each sole. In case of difficulty please write to Dri-ped Limited, Bolton, Lancs.



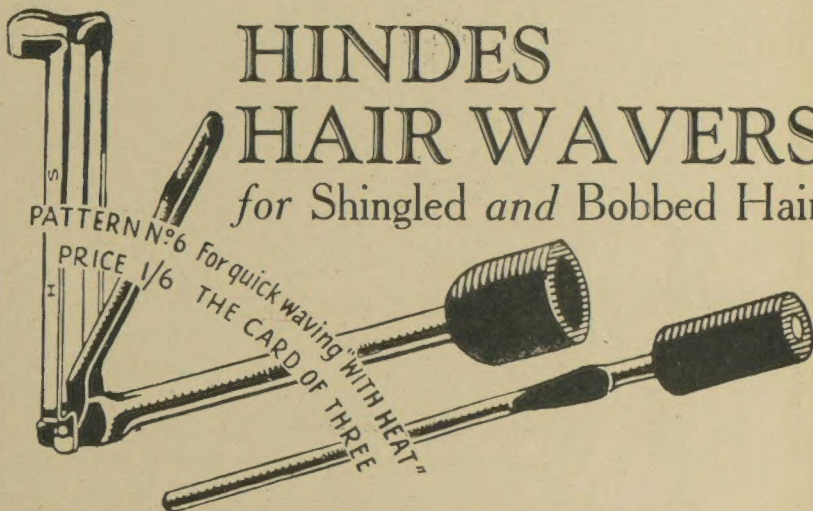
**DRI-PED**  
The Super Leather for **SOLES**  
Guaranteed Doublewear  
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"Nature alone won't wave the hair, Hinde's Wavers, too, must do their share."



This wave is easily effected with  
**HINDES**  
**HAIR WEVERS**  
for Shingled and Bobbed Hair



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If you want to Purchase, Sell, or Hire good Pedigree Dogs you cannot do better than to study and use the advertisement columns of *The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, which publishes each week a special article by Major Harding Cox, the well-known authority, under the heading of "Dogs of the Day."

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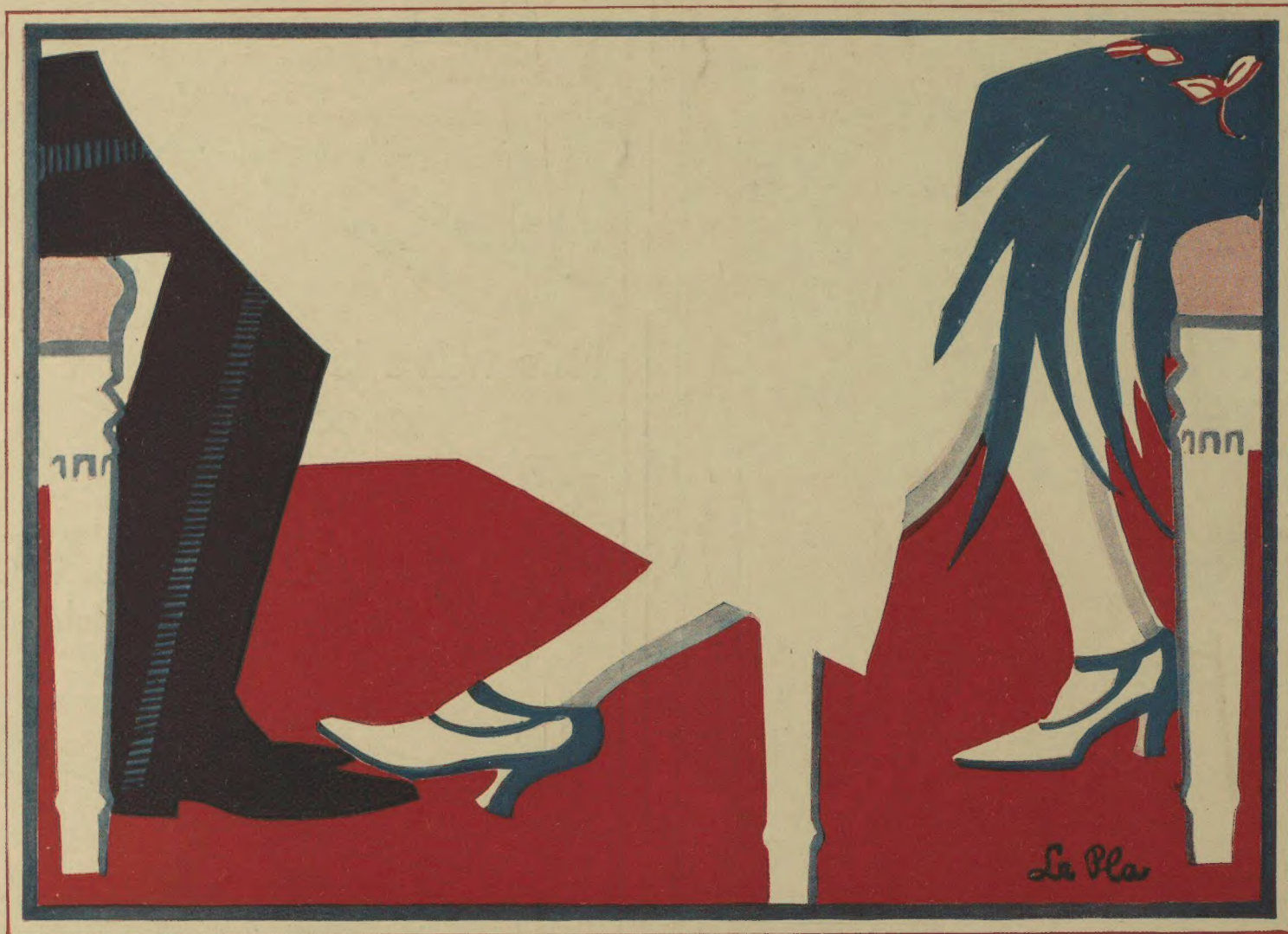
and all dizziness faintness  
and stomach disorders  
caused by the motions  
of sea, train, auto, car  
or air travel.

25 Years  
in Use



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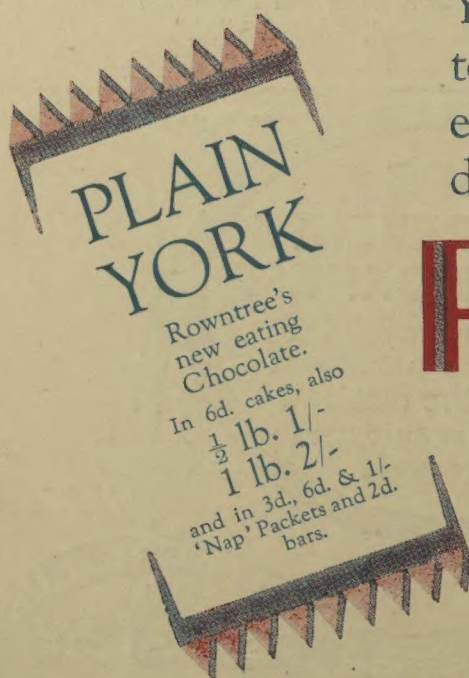




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JUST one—and then one—and then one more  
—and then one—Rowntree’s York Chocolates  
“lead you on.” One doesn’t *mean* to eat more  
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That is the one real drawback of Rowntree’s  
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At 4/- per lb. ; also in cartons,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. 2/-,  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. 1/-